Bettie Leilee
Freshman Year

S.M.A.
1951

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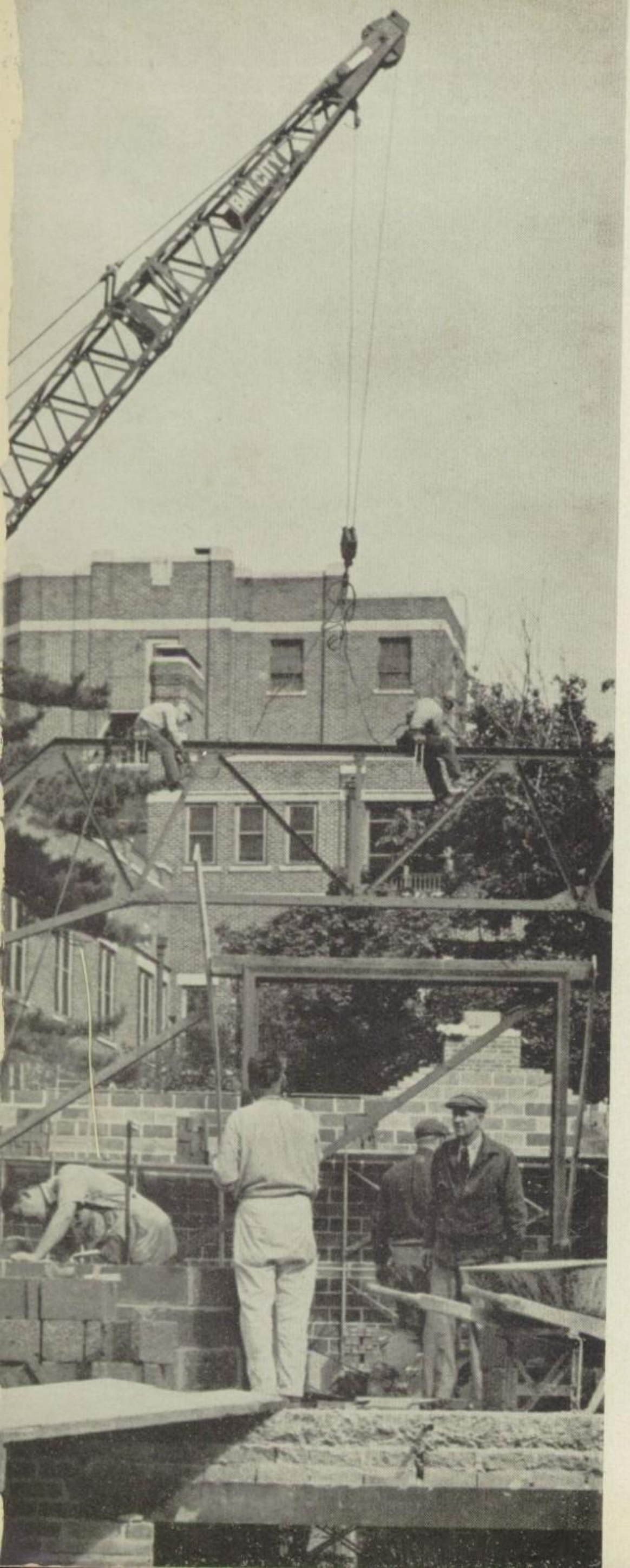


Our motto is

PROGRESS

Since its beginning in 1912, St. Mary's has continued to grow and prosper. Anyone who is familiar with the history of its founding will recall the names of Reverend D. I. McDermott and Mother Arsenia Bradley who worked zealously for the success of the institution. Early in its development, it was affiliated with the Catholic University of America, and in 1927 was also recognized and approved by the State. Three times St. Mary's Academy has been evaluated by the Middle States Association which rates it highly. With the passing of the years, have come ever increasing advantages, both educational and extra-curricular. No small part of this is due to the tireless efforts of all the Sisters of St. Joseph, especially those who are members of the Faculty.

Mother Teresa Vincent, the present Superior, merits special thanks, for it was she who brought about the realization of a dream of former Superiors for many years—a new building. In appreciation of her part in erecting this welcome addition to S.M.A., we, the Seniors of 1951, wish to dedicate our yearbook to Mother Teresa Vincent.

Reverend
William J. Gormley C.M.
Religious Instruction

The 1951 Chimes

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY

PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA

Miss Marita Byron
Basketball Coach

Miss Marie E. Canavan
Dancing

Adrian H. Donaghue
M.D.
Medical Adviser

Miss Alberta Gallagher
Health and Physical Ed.

Miss Marietta J. Gowdy
Art

Mrs. Loretta Koch
Viola-Cello-Bass

Mrs. Frances Rojeski
Violin

John P. Whitecar, D.D.S.
Dental Adviser

Miss Vivian C. Cataldi
Secretary

RECORDERS OF OUR PROGRESS

What to write for a caption? Margie Rohach, Joan Greipp, Mary Lou Brann and Marie Louise Ritchotte find the labeling of the pictures an engrossing task.

Money is the biggest problem of this busy group. From Sophomore to Senior, these girls have but one aim in mind—financing the yearbook. Their business-like manner reveals the earnestness with which they work for a better CHIMES in '51.

Jane, our Editor-in-chief, and Pat, her associate, smile encouragingly at Catherine, Junior literary representative, to whom they leave all helpful hints and the best of luck.

"THE CHIMES" STAFF

Jane M. Rafferty '51.....Editor-in-chief
Patricia M. Hartsough '51.....Associate Editor
Hilda R. Murlasits '51.....Student Treasurer

LITERARY STAFF

Mary Lou Brann '51 Mary Louise Ritchotte '51
Joan A. Greipp '51 Margaret M. Rohach '51
Mary Catherine Miralles '52

BUSINESS STAFF

Eleanor M. Burke '51 Adelaide De Gregorio '52
Virginia Gilligan '51 Margaret L. Hermanutz '52
Joan R. Smith '51 Marilyn M. Donahue '53

TYPISTS

Ann E. Abromaitis '51 Rita Mary Lowen '51
Jean Ann McDermott '51

A heavy task lies ahead of these typists—Jean Anne, Nancy, and Rita; but they look optimistically ahead to the completion of their work and to receiving those long awaited yearbooks.

Did we make it? Here, Mr. Solari, representative from Campus, congratulates Jane Rafferty, CHIMES editor, on the success of an early deadline. Patricia Hartsough, associate-editor, and Hilda Murlasits, student treasurer, are quite happy at the unexpected but welcome praise.

WE BREAK GROUND . . .

Blueprints drawn up, architects prepared and wide-eyed children patiently waiting for the beginning of their mental and spiritual construction, tell a story of progress. The Sisters of St. Joseph, for three centuries renowned for their successful educational methods, begin this huge task with the kindergarten. Using tools of love, guidance, careful attention, and the ever important lessons of Religion, the foundations begin to rise. Of course, "all work and no play make Jack a dull boy." Therefore, sliding boards, swings, dolls, football, and other activities welcomed during the year play an important part in the child's development and teach him the virtues of kindness, fair play, and love for all mankind. Brick by brick the building of minds and walls progresses through the primary and elementary stages until it reaches the secondary level. This difficult work is recompensed when the decorating and finishing touches are added, and our purpose is achieved.

From this picture, these children seem to be enjoying a happy beginning at S. M. A. "Learn to share and share alike" is the basic training of these little ones. Let's hope they'll remember this motto throughout S. M. A. days.

While the rest of the children are gayly playing among the autumn leaves, Carol Ann is mischievously debating Michael's reaction to a shower of leaves.

Our children not only learn to play together but also to pray together. Here they show their sincere love for Our Blessed Lady by offering her a rosary.

At last our dream is beginning to come true. As Mr. Ricker, the architect, and Mr. Donovan, the builder, look on, Father McGinley breaks ground for our new building.

THEN DIG

Singing seems to be a favorite pastime of our first-graders. The first step in learning the song is following the notes on the chart. Could it be they are preparing for that famous Christmas play?

As we peek in on the second grade, we see a few pupils diligently solving division examples on the blackboard while others work in their numberbooks. Their confident expression indicates "lesson well learned."

Eagerness to learn is evident in this first grade reading class. Caryl Ann Stoll questions her fellow students about these familiar phrases.

Around the world go the third and fourth grades in their daily geography class. As the girls display names of the products of various South American countries, the boys find their items in the specimen cabinet.

"Community Cooperation" is the theme of the day's lesson in the fourth grade. If the students adopt these worthy motives for their own, success and happiness will be theirs in future life.

THE FOUNDATION

STEP BY STEP THE BUILDING

Patricia seems very pleased as the leaders of the King's and Queen's Guards give her the account of the number of Masses and Communions received by the members of the opposing teams.

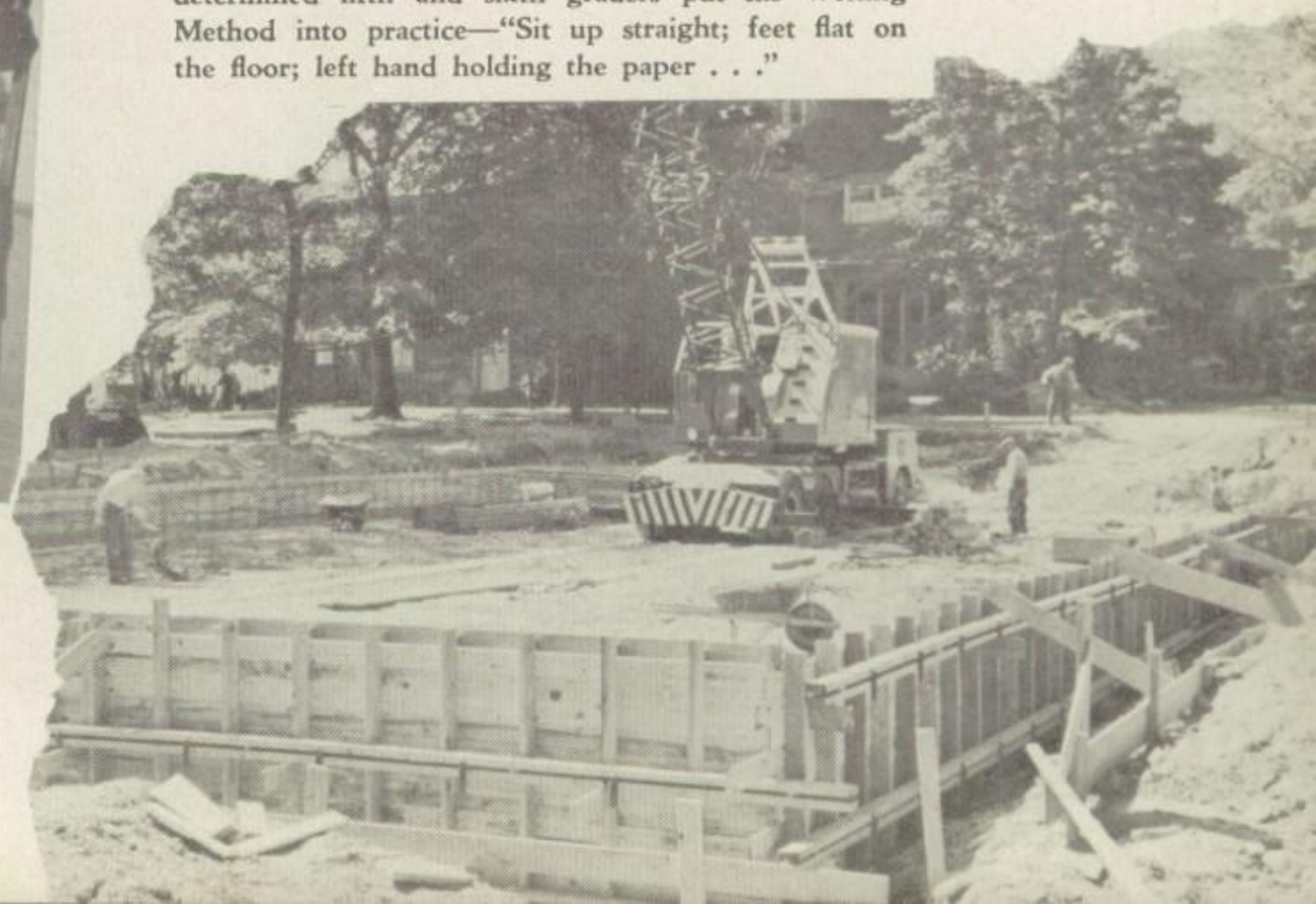
During October, the fifth and sixth graders kept a record of their attendance at the class recitation of the Rosary. Their smiling faces give testimony of their love for Mary and their special devotion to her favorite prayer.

TAKES SHAPE

Loretta, the sick classmate, will certainly be cheered by the news of the progress of the new building. Judging from the amused expression on her face, Rosemary must have thought of an entertaining post-script to the letter.

The seventh graders are very serious in their realistic interpretation of the moving novel "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN." Faithful friends and servants witness the death of little Eva while the doctor and the nurse stand helplessly by.

"Mr. Palmer" would certainly be pleased to see these determined fifth and sixth graders put his Writing Method into practice—"Sit up straight; feet flat on the floor; left hand holding the paper . . ."



FIRST ROW—Bernard Donahue, Dennis Salvano, James Sullivan, James Keough. SECOND ROW—Nancy Schulin, Betty Ann McCabe, Helen Brann, Caryl Ann Szczurowski, Carla Tolomeo, Jane Marie Dettmar, Caryl Ann Stoll, Barbara Ann Donaghue. THIRD ROW—Anthony Appalucci, Francis Hargadon, Mary K. O'Donnell, Josephine Arminio, Bernice Flanagan, Kathryn Picardo, Sandra Soura, John Biller, John McGowan. FOURTH ROW—Dennis McBride, James Taylor, Jean Dittman, John Gaffney, Gary Soura, Joseph Tramontana, Francis Menna.

AS THESE SMILING YOUNGSTERS

FIRST ROW—Aileen Bradley, Maureen McGovern, Eileen Baker, Barbara Clarihew, Mary Jane Cattie, Patricia Burroughs, Rosa Tramontana, Diane Corbett, Mary Esther Taglianetti, Cecilia Knapp. SECOND ROW—Carolyn Klock, James H. Smith, John Navin, William Delaney, Barbara Lahr, Eileen Mesle, Carol Rensman, James J. Smith, Thomas Ronan, Louis Donaghue, Joanne Santarone. THIRD ROW—James Englehardt, Irene Phelan, Cecilia Heebner, Kathleen Baker, Ellen Clearkin, Barbara Summeril, Mary Louise Coyle, Faith Hetrick, Alphonse Arminio.

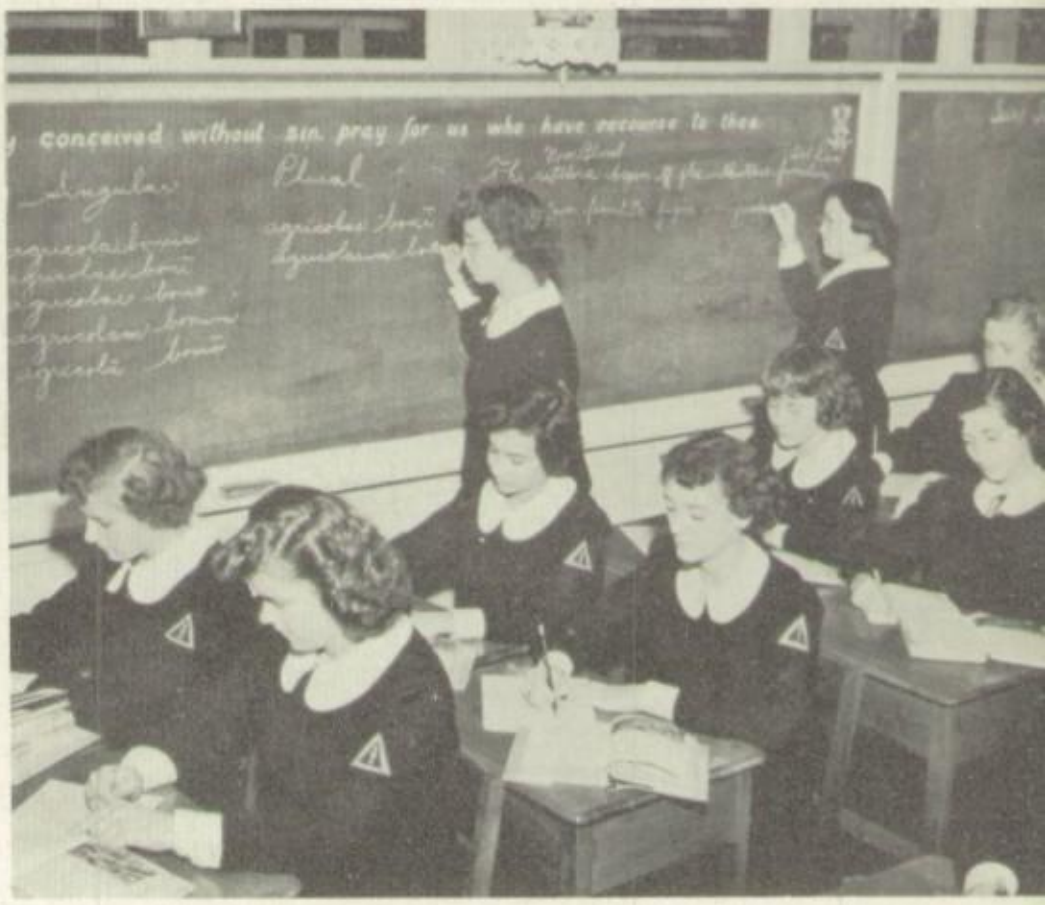
FIRST ROW—Eleanor Rose Branco, Eugenie Koch, Pauline Delia, Adrienne Donaghue, Dorothy Baker, Regina Hartsough, Sheila McGowan, Carol Brown, Teresa Li Volsi. SECOND ROW—Mary Ann McConnell, Catherine Starr, Mary Hale, Sallie O'Donnell, Patricia Duffy, Mary Beth Glaser, Mae Stuckert, Mary Jo Larkin, Patricia Mullen.

ANTICIPATE WITH JOY . . .

FIRST ROW—Margaret Mary Murphy, Kathleen Joyce, Phyllis Li Volsi, Eileen Clearkin, Rosemarie Burke, Anne Holland, Mary Ann Dutt. SECOND ROW—Camille De Gregorio, Jacqueline De Vitis, Mary Healey, Madeline Dwyer, Rosemary Roach, Marie Gannotti, Virginia Coogan, Margaret Mary De Luzen.

On the map of Palestine, Ellen points out the center of interest in today's Religion lesson. Map work helps to vitalize this very important study.

The foundation being strongly laid, a higher life begins for thirty-nine eager freshmen. Soon the girls become accustomed to their new surroundings. As subject is added to subject, the walls of higher learning rise aloft. The workmen labor many hours to effect the completion of their structure, so too the freshmen spend a great deal of time studying to accomplish their goal—a superior education. When the exterior of the building is finished, the freshmen will be prepared to begin a new phase of work as they turn toward their sophomore year!

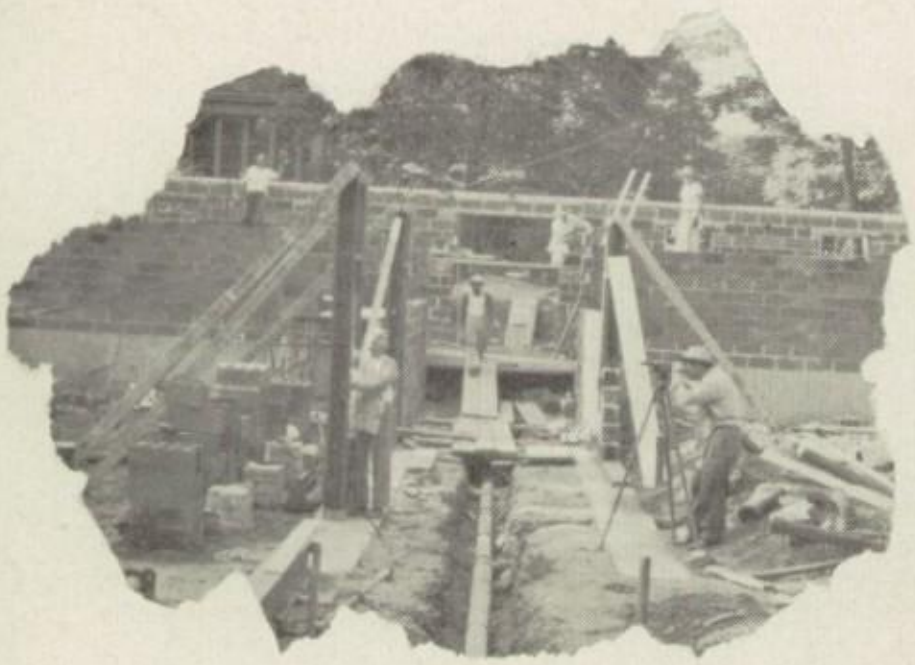


Beginnings are always difficult as is seen by the expressions of these Latin I students. Marilyn realizes the need for the declensions before she can attempt to analyze as Peggy is doing.

Freshies, why the grin? Could it be that you are sometimes guilty of these errors? From their smiling faces, it looks as though these English-minded students find grammar quite interesting but also very difficult. Perhaps, Kay has a suggestion that will prove to be of some help to her classmates.

What does this "Hand of Destiny" hold? As we look at the varied emotions of bewilderment, surprise, anxiety, and triumph registered on the faces of these freshmen, we know they are receiving returns from the magic world of "x's and y's."

WALLS BEGIN TO RISE



These members of the Freshman Arts and Crafts Club seem quite pleased with the results of their attempt to supply their fellow-students with these ever popular book covers.

HIGHER

Clare is pleased with the brief account Patsy is giving of Victor Hugo. Quite a task for beginners in French!

"Many hands make light work" and help to bring our dream nearer to completion.

These Spanish I students are surely engrossed in the translation. Evidentally, this is the time for work and no play.

Can you tell which of these geometricians have been successful in finding angles and triangles, squares and rectangles, etc., in the new construction?

AND HIGHER

Sophomores! Now the more interesting work is begun. We are introduced to new fields of attainment—for example, foreign languages, and modern science. Acquiring these new habits of study is by no means easy. Neither is the task of the builders as they progress in their work. Skill, ambition, and technique are qualities required for the laborer to accomplish his goal.

When working outside, the builders are often hindered by the elements. Eventually, however, as the workers continue with steadfast determination, their job is finished. Now that the Sophomores are well on their way to acquiring a superior education, few things can swerve them from their path of progress.

Could it be that St. Mary's will bring forth a future poetess? From their anxious faces, these sophs seem eager in learning to recognize poetry and writing verse of their own. Success be theirs!

As her classmates proudly look on, Mary Alice Kenny accepts the Latin trophy, presented to Saint Mary's for outstanding work during the past few years in a nation-wide Latin contest.

Sophomore biologists: Mary Tyler places a drop of iodine on the glass slide while Patricia McKeown examines her specimen carefully for the sight of cytoplasm.

As Idita and Phyllis pantomime a scene from "Macbeth," Kathleen and Maria adjust the recording machine. The other members of the Junior English class seem deeply engrossed in following with their text the Columbia recordings.

The final stages of our building project are begun in Junior year. The remaining time is spent in adding brilliancy, color, and finesse. These final touches bring about a perfect product.

At the same time, the juniors are kept quite busy adding the languages, sciences, and business education to their basic learning. It has not been a simple process but with perseverance and endurance, we have succeeded in our planned purposes. As Seniors, we can look back with pleasant memories of a wonderful high school life.

The upgrade has been difficult, but as Seniors we will enjoy all the advantages of a well-constructed building.

We can see the progress that the second year French class has made from Rose Anne's translation of the life of one of the famous Frenchmen whose name they met last year.

NEARER

These girls should never have trouble with algebra after this practical demonstration of the "transit theodolite" by Mr. Di Rocco, our foreman. The class is taking advantage of the instruments being used in the construction of our new gym.

What a handy place is our library for these American History students who have a research paper to prepare. Barbara and Mary must have found exactly what they want. Jeanine and Adelaide are happy, too.

Betty Rotchford smiles complacently as she illustrates the roller on her typewriter, while Rose Pagano looks a little dubious as she experiments with her own machine in Typing I class.

AND NEARER

The grin on Mary Lou's face belies her precarious position. These senior gymnasts are anxious to prove that their four years of hard work and exercise were not without some fun. Notice the determined look in the eyes of the girls on the bottom row—the foundation of the whole pyramid.

COMPLETION

OF THE STRUCTURE

With high hopes for the future, the members of the business class learn the fundamentals which will enable them to secure better positions in the business world.

Nancy is trying to be very accurate in her water measurements as she and Mary Lou work very conscientiously on the experiment for the electrolysis of water.

The seniors in English class listen attentively as Mary Jane answers the question put to her by Nancy who appears to be a very agreeable teacher.

The progress of the Senior French class is shown by its ability to phoneticize words. Here the girls are using words taken from Victor Hugo's "Saison Des Semailles, Le Soir."

Slowly but surely, the tedious work of building reaches its culminating point as the seniors are putting the finishing touches to their education.

FIRST ROW—Peggy McGovern, Mary Lynn Taggart, Nancy De Camara, Joan Keough, Barbara Henry. SECOND ROW—Dianne Welsh, Kathleen Ramsay, Connie Garozzo, Marie Aceto, Theresa Smith, Dorothy Wilt, Myra Hayes, Patricia Maguire, Marianne Haas. THIRD ROW—Alice Conville, Joanne Meyer, Cynthia Makowski, Catherine Abromaitis, Frances Skiffington, Margaret Mehlmann, Kay Kronbar, Roberta Balloch, Mary Ann Roletter, Patricia Sheridan, Betty Peileke, Carolyn Happ, Barbara Dever. FOURTH ROW—Margaret Snite, Jean Ray, Loretta Martin, Doris Cooke, Marilyn Earl, Jane Paciaroni, Marilyn Steward, Ellen Ritchotte, Marie McDevitt, Peggy McMenamin, Peggy O'Neill.

FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE

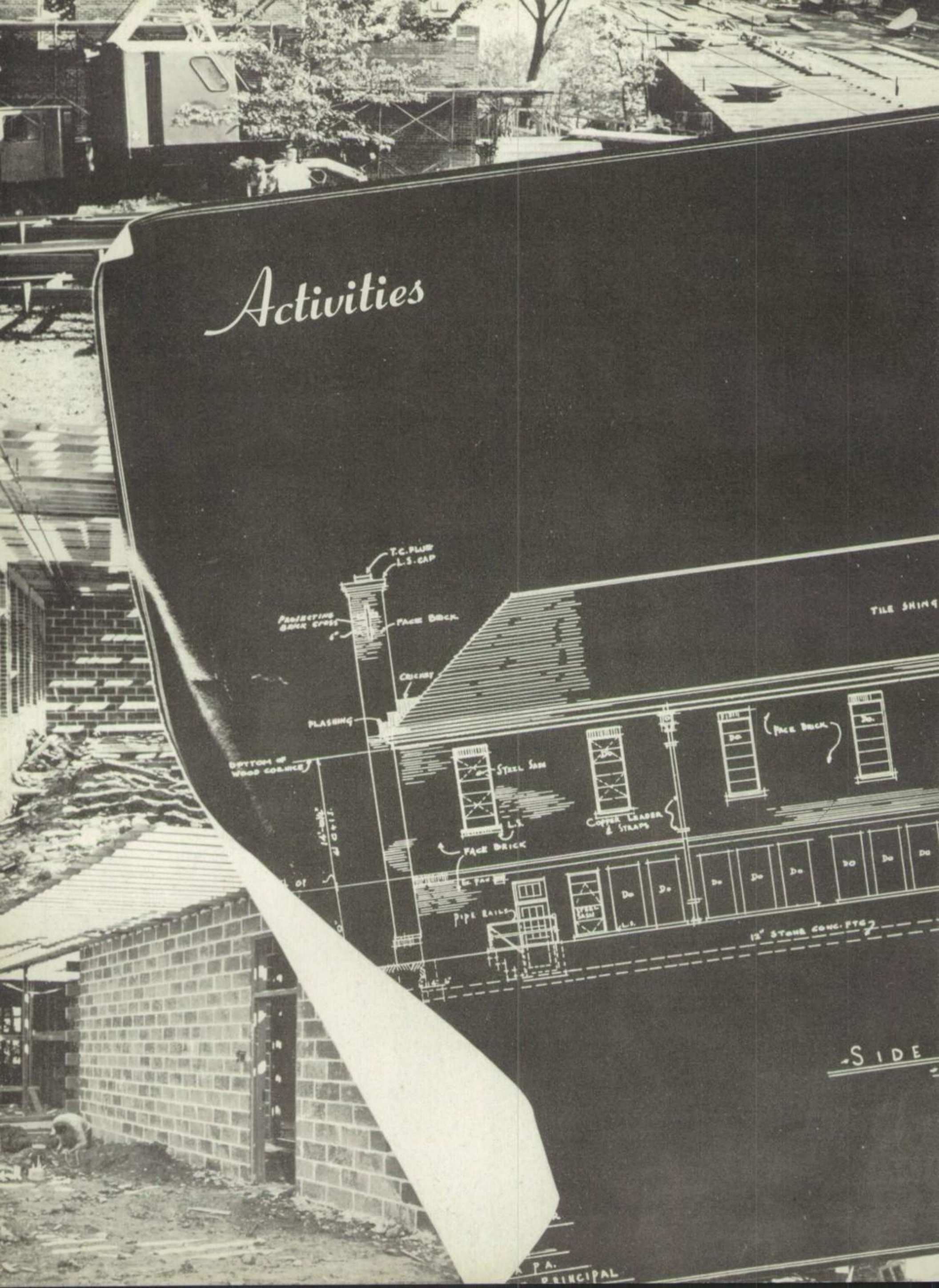
FIRST ROW—Jeanne Woodring, Marilyn Donahue, Patricia Byrne, Ann Giorno, Marilyn Crane. SECOND ROW—Clare Knapp, Joan Boyd, Mary Ann Donnelly, Betsy Beck, Mary Alice Kenny, Rosemary Peacock, Jean Burke, Joan Burke, Kitty Brann, Patricia Feeley. THIRD ROW—Audrey Giese, Patricia McKeown, Theresa Daley, Mary Tyler, Jane Hubbs, Patricia Moran, Joan Donnelly, Mary Jean Cullaton, Diane Tarches, Theresa Lavin, Valeria Parisse. FOURTH ROW—Dolores Ferruzzi, Catherine Deasy, Norma Frank, Carol Toscano, Patricia Walton, Marie Ursomarso, Joan Wilcome, Annette Schwartz, Frances Kappler.

FIRST ROW—Teresa Spina, Jane Murray, Maria Schneider, Agnes Costello, Catherine Miralles, Eileen Ryan, Frances Sandlin, Adelaide De Gregorio, Phyllis Beggin. SECOND ROW—Margaret Hermanutz, Betty Rotchford, Esther Rita Scanlan, Barbara Gimbel, Winifred Dennehy, Kathleen Moran, Patricia McKenna, Doris Heins. THIRD ROW—Rose Pagano, Rose Ann Reilly, Jeanine Pasquariello, Charlotte Attarian, Mary Joyce, Idita Toole, Kathleen Branco, Joan Bennis.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR ENTHUSIASTS

FIRST ROW—Hilda Murlasits, Helen Luff, Rita Lowen, Kathleen Masse, Margaret Rohach, Doris McCann, Virginia Gilligan, Bernice Hill, Eleanor Burke. SECOND ROW—Catherine Bonner, Joan Smith, Nancy Abromaitis, Barbara Donohoe, Joan Greipp, Jacqueline Barth, Mary Jane Wenzel, Dolores Doolan, Joan Hibbs. THIRD ROW—Mary Rita Knapp, Patricia Hartsough, Jean Ann McDermott, Nancy O'Connor, Jane Rafferty, Joan Wambold, Mary Lou Brann, Marian Schimpf, Mary Louise Ritchotte.

Activities


T.C. PLUM
L.S. CAP
PROJECTING BRICK COURSE
FACE BRICK
CRICKET
FLASHING
BOTTOM OF WOOD CORNICE
STEEL SASH
L.S.
FACE BRICK
COPPER LEADER & STRAPS
FACE BRICK
PIPE RAILS
12" STONE CONC. FTG.
TILE SHING
SIDE
P.A.
PRINCIPAL

PLAT DECK GRAVEL ROOF
TILE SHINGLE ROOF
ROOF PLA
SCALE 1" = 20'-0"
COPPER LINED WOOD GUTTER
WOOD CORNICE
STEEL SASH
ELEVATION - NORTH

RELIGION IS THE

RELIGION is the cornerstone of life at Saint Mary's. Much time is spent on our training, both spiritual and mental. Throughout all our activities, there is a religious theme. We offer all to "Jesus through Mary." During the month of May, we honor her in a special way. This annual devotion to Our Lady is an external manifestation of our religious training. When we crown Mary Queen, we again consecrate ourselves to her. Members of each class offer flowers as a sign of their fidelity. One of our most loved practices is the beautiful climax—the Crowning followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

CORNERSTONE

At this moment, the First Holy Communicants step to the shrine of Our Blessed Mother, Queen of May, to recite with childlike simplicity "Lovely Lady Dressed in Blue."

One of the beautiful moments of the annual May Procession is the crowning of Our Blessed Lady. Betty Ann Hand, our May Queen, presents the wreath to Father Edward Conlin to place it on the head of our patroness.

As the members of the sodality begin the procession to the strains of "Ave Maria," they form a large "M," representing the name of our Mother, before the shrine erected in her honor.

OF THE STRUCTURE WE ARE NOW

"Give and you shall receive a hundredfold" has been the motto of St. Mary's girls for many a year. An example of this generous spirit is shown on the happy face of Joan Smith, faithful mission leader for four year, as she presents to Father McDonough, Assistant Archdiocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, our contribution to this worthy cause.

The trio of smiling faces belongs to Teresa Spina, Sacristan; Rita Lowen, our Prefect, and Helen Luff, Sodality Treasurer. In their capable hands we have placed the beautiful task of helping us keep closer to Jesus through Mary.

ERECTING.

RECEIVING completes the three r's in our desire for perfection. Joan Wambold knowingly explains to her Eucharistic Committee that a life devoted to the Mystical Body of Christ will undoubtedly be a fruitful one.

The Sodality is a religious society for the purpose of fostering love and devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Our sodality is comprised of three special groups—the "Marian," "Eucharistic," and "Catholic Literature." Although all work for one goal—to honor Mary, they do so in different ways. The Marian group honors her by the daily recitation of the rosary. Every time that Mary has appeared, she has asked for more and more devotees of the rosary. The Eucharistic group strives to stimulate frequent reception of Holy Communion, for they realize that the closer we come to Jesus through the Holy Eucharist the nearer and dearer we will be to Mary, His mother. The aim of the Catholic Literature group is to interest the girls in Catholic books and periodicals, to give them a taste for worthwhile literature.

We hope that Mary, Our Mother, is pleased with our efforts to spread devotion to her.

RECITING is the second step toward character development. By saying the Rosary as the members of Our Lady's Committee so ardently do, we will reach the hand that the Mother of Grace and her Infant Son so lovingly offer us.

READING begins the tedious process of character building. As a building needs workers to form its structure, so the Catholic Literature Committee works to inspire us to read good and wholesome literature.

FOR BEHOLD A SAVIOUR IS BORN.

With lighted candles and happy hearts, these youthful carolers greet the joyful season and form a picturesque background for the beautiful Christmas festival.

"All over the world" just as these little ones, "little girls are saying, 'Please bring me a dolly.'" No doubt, the boys are hoping for a bicycle instead.

"Hark, listen to the noise of yon caravan! See if your words will come true!" The innkeeper's voice summons his wife and his children to the door.

The angelic choir sheds light upon St. Joseph and Our Blessed Mother as they and the little children adore the Infant King.

"We welcome you to toyland. Just look about and see how things are done in Santa Land in our big family."

BLUEPRINT FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN

Student Representatives at St. Mary's are the blueprint on which the student body strives to model itself. Holding the plans for the new building, Margaret Rohach, President of Student Council, is assisted by Agnes Costello, Junior Representative, Kathleen Masse, Glee Club President, Doris McCann, Vice-President of the Council, Rita Lowen, Sodality Prefect, and Virginia Gilligan, President of the Senior Class, examine the plans from their lofty perch; those kneeling, Theresa Smith, Freshman Representative, and Betsy Beck, Sophomore Representative, point to a detail which has caught their interest.

EQUIPPED TO LEAD AND FOLLOW

FINDI G A BOOK

The card catalogue is an alphabetical index to the books in the Library.

A book is entered in the catalogue under the name of the author, the title, and its subject.

The number on the upper left hand rner of the catalogue card con- tes the "call number". It is the ber by which the book can be lo- ed in the Library.

Books are arranged on the shelves by their "call number". first by number, then by letter.

USING A BOOK

All books in the Li he used in the Library r have finished using th to its proper place or ve the book on

WING A

to be u be cha book to sign

Lost books must be replace mediately so that other student not be deprived of their use.

BOOKS NOT IN MAY BE RESERVED

Ask for a "reserve" on the then notice will be sent to you as as the book is returned. Any "res ed" book not called for on the the notice is posted is forfeited to next student calling for the book.

RESERVED BOOKS

These are books set aside for t general use of students in a speci group. Such boo placed fo your convenie notifica tion is given. taker from the Libr ess- ed permissi In such a case e- fore 8:45 A. M. If not returned of 10¢ is charg a fine is depriv Library until the

REFEREN

Senior members of our library staff, Barbara Donohoe and Mary Louise Ritchotte are busy with the daters while the Sophomore group point out the rules and regulations that help the students to make use of our facilities.

SOMETHING NEW

Does Joan Wambold's smile denote success or failure? We wonder . . . as she tries her hand at one of the oldest of household chores, washing.

Kathleen Masse is dreaming of how chic she will look in her new print apron when she helps her mother keep the home neat and tidy.

Joan Wambold's cooking doesn't seem to agree with Eleanor. Catherine, Bernice, and Joan are still discussing whether or not to commit themselves.

The expert homemaker budgets time as well as money. Experimenting with that Bendix makes MONDAY a day packed with suds and fun. TUESDAY, we try ironing our dresses without scorching their newly-constructed pieces. A handy first aid kit is very important. WEDNESDAY means cutting out patterns, basting, and sewing. THURSDAY, we play the role of hostess for our Bridge Club. From our hope chest comes that lace tablecloth, the best silverware, and the finest china. A beautiful centerpiece, a tasty lunch, and social conversation complete the picture. The most dreaded day, FRIDAY, calls out the sweeper and the dusters to prepare for a "quiet" weekend.

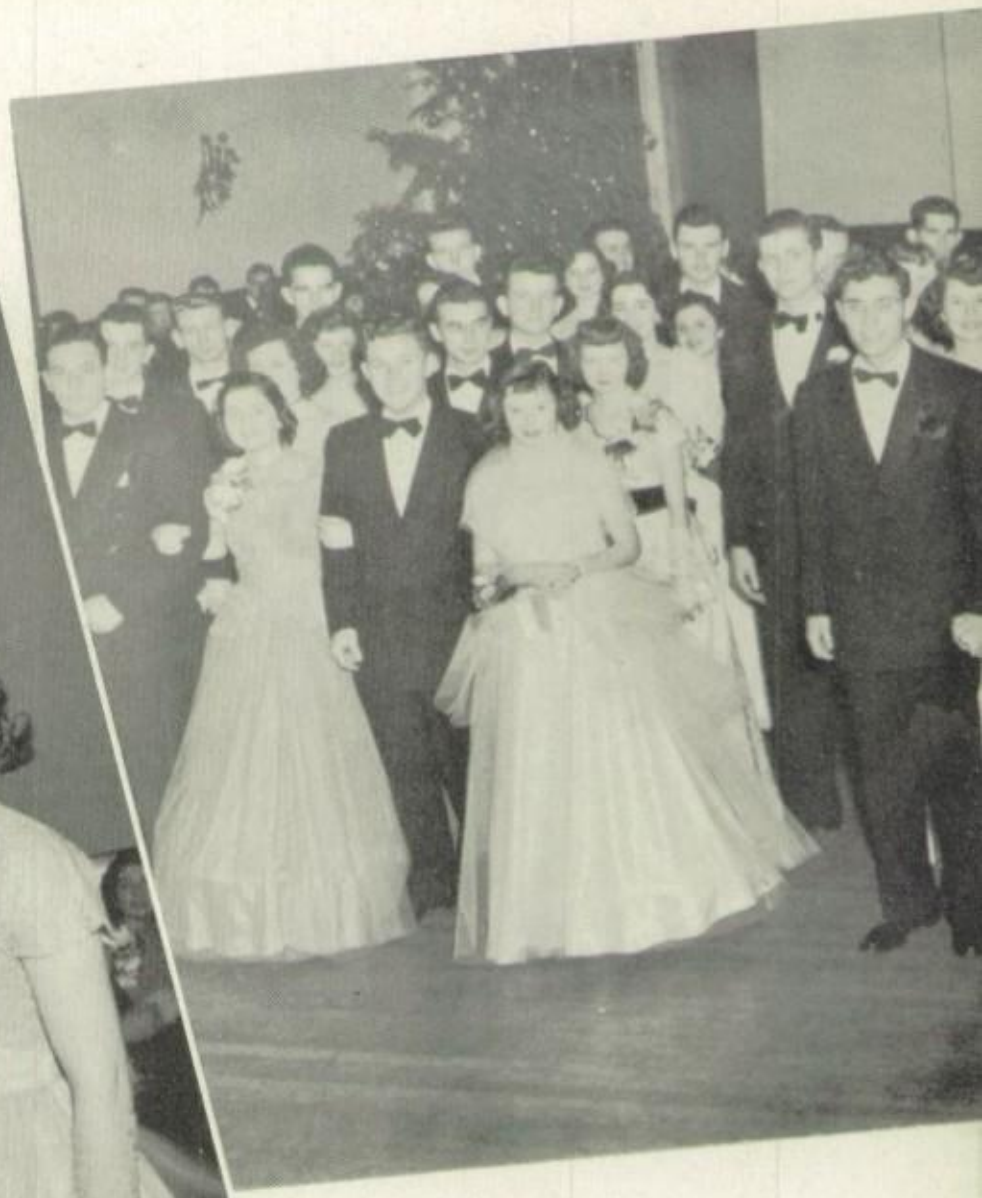
Mary Louise Ritchotte lends a helping hand in ironing Mary Lou Brann's latest creation. Is she smiling because she is anticipating a like success with her own?

Mary Jane asks: "Shall I make it shorter?"
Mary Lou replies: "No, make it longer to cover my flat feet."

These two Cinderellas don't seem to mind the housework.
Eleanor: "If my mother could only see me now!"
Pat: "Mine, too!"

Who knows what these mysterious pieces of paper are going to make? Virginia Gilligan has high hopes that it will be a stylish ballerina dress.

Mary Catherine Miralles, Junior class president, assisted by Agnes Costello, Junior representative, presents the first key to smiling Margie Rohach, President of the Student Council.



PLANNED TO PLEASE

As intermission comes and the closing of the Prom draws near, Eileen and Frannie, committee representatives, along with their escorts, exchange comments on the success of this gala affair.

Now that the "Big Moment" of the long awaited evening has arrived, the seniors, after receiving the treasured keys, promenade in the Grand March.

Many thanks to our chaperones, Mr. and Mrs. Bennis, Mr. and Mrs. Rotchford, Mr. and Mrs. Miralles, for the joy they shared with us at "Tinsel Time."

Oh, how we danced on that night of nights—the wonderful Junior Prom. Happy faces and light hearts tell the story of another of St. Mary's pleasant memories.

Striving for possession of that evasive ball are our varsity forwards, Eleanor, Eileen, and Pat. Retrieving the ball from the backboard is one of our team's specialties.

"BLUE FIGHT! GOLD FIGHT!" At every game our cheerleaders:—Peggy McGovern, Jeanne Woodring, Esther Rita Scanlan, Jane Murray, and Captain Nancy O'Connor (at top) set the fast pace for the spectators to follow by urging the players to "get that ball" and "score."

COORDINATION

Bursting with school spirit, Saint Mary's student body responds enthusiastically to the arrival of the basketball season. The tense action of the interclass games is always the highlight of the scholastic year. This year, after an extremely close and stirring game, the class of '52 won the ever treasured cup by beating the seniors 32 to 30. From these games our competent coach, Miss Byron, selected the varsity. Led by our capable captain, Jackie Barth, the varsity practices diligently to attain victories in our league games and to further good sportsmanship.

FRONT ROW—D. Wilt, J. Ray, A. Conville, A. Schwartz, R. Peacock, F. Sandlin, J. Pasquariello. MIDDLE ROW—C. Happ, W. Dennehy, K. Moran, M. A. Rolletter, P. Moran, B. Beck, C. Toscano. TOP ROW—E. Burke, A. Giorno, A. Costello, J. Smith, E. Ryan, Captain J. Barth, N. Abromaitis, M. A. Donnelly, B. Rotchford, P. Hartsough.

Where is that tricky ball headed? Right into the hands of one of our three alert varsity guards—Jackie, Mary Anne, or Nancy. We hope!

Look at these faces, then answer the question: "Who just made a basket?" What would our varsity do without these enthusiastic supporters?

Coach "Marty" Byron, Scorekeeper Marie Louise Richotte, Captain Jackie Barth, Manager Virginia Gilligan, Timekeeper Mary Lou Brann take time out from an exciting game to pose for us.

IS ALWAYS NEEDED.

THE PROGRAM

This is a typical scene of a St. Mary's May Day. Here we can see the May Queen and her attendants smiling upon other participants of the gala affair. Each eagerly awaits her turn to perform.

The sun smiled down approvingly on that May afternoon at the performance taking place on S. M. A.'s campus. The travelling players had come to enact "Hansel and Gretel" for our lovely "Queen of May." As the story unravelled in song and dance, it, no doubt, brought back many happy memories to the queen and her court of their first reading of that beloved tale. The joyful dancing of the candies and cookies, and the gay frolics of the playmates of Hansel and Gretel charmed the beautiful queen. As the play comes to an end, Hansel and Gretel find their way home after their many mishaps. As the procession of players and dancers leave the campus, another MAY DAY becomes a fond memory.

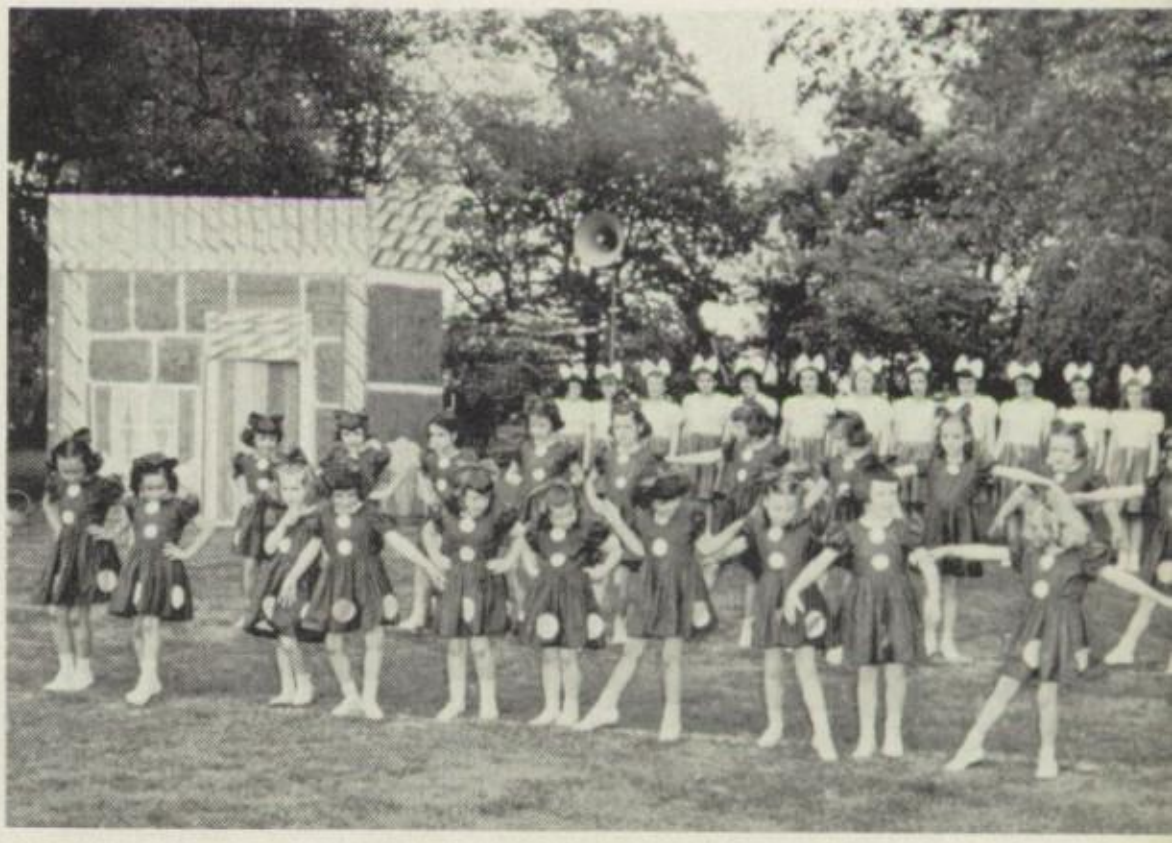
"Hansel and Gretel," our May Day for 1950, is a happy memory for everyone. The joyful times and jolly dances which spell MAY DAY for us bring smiles to everyone. To the graduates this means the closing days of a happy high school life.

NEARS COMPLETION

Although the witches attempt to scare us, by the attention of the audience and other performers, fright turns to frolic. These dark spirits are making ready to capture Hansel and Gretel and add them to their cookie collection.

May Day for the children is always a time of giggles and discord. In the foreground, the cookies in various shapes form a part of the witch's house. In the background, the red and green candy sticks stand at attention.

A heavenly May Day would not be complete without angels. Certainly, these little ones make perfect angels. Their little feet join in a graceful dance which Hansel and Gretel see in a dream. Judging from this picture, it must have been a happy dream.



At the tap of the littlest fairy, the sunflowers shake off drowsiness and dance in the morning sunlight. In traditional May Day spirit, the "flowers," arrayed in bright spring colors, dance to the music of the "Waltz of the Flowers."

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR

Traditional Senior Carollers

That Famous Hockey Team!

Three sophomores make their debut at the Junior Prom, held at Melrose Country Club

Freshman Day antics!

The Christ Child has a Gift for each of His children at St. Mary's

Graduates' Farewell to "Our St. Mary's"

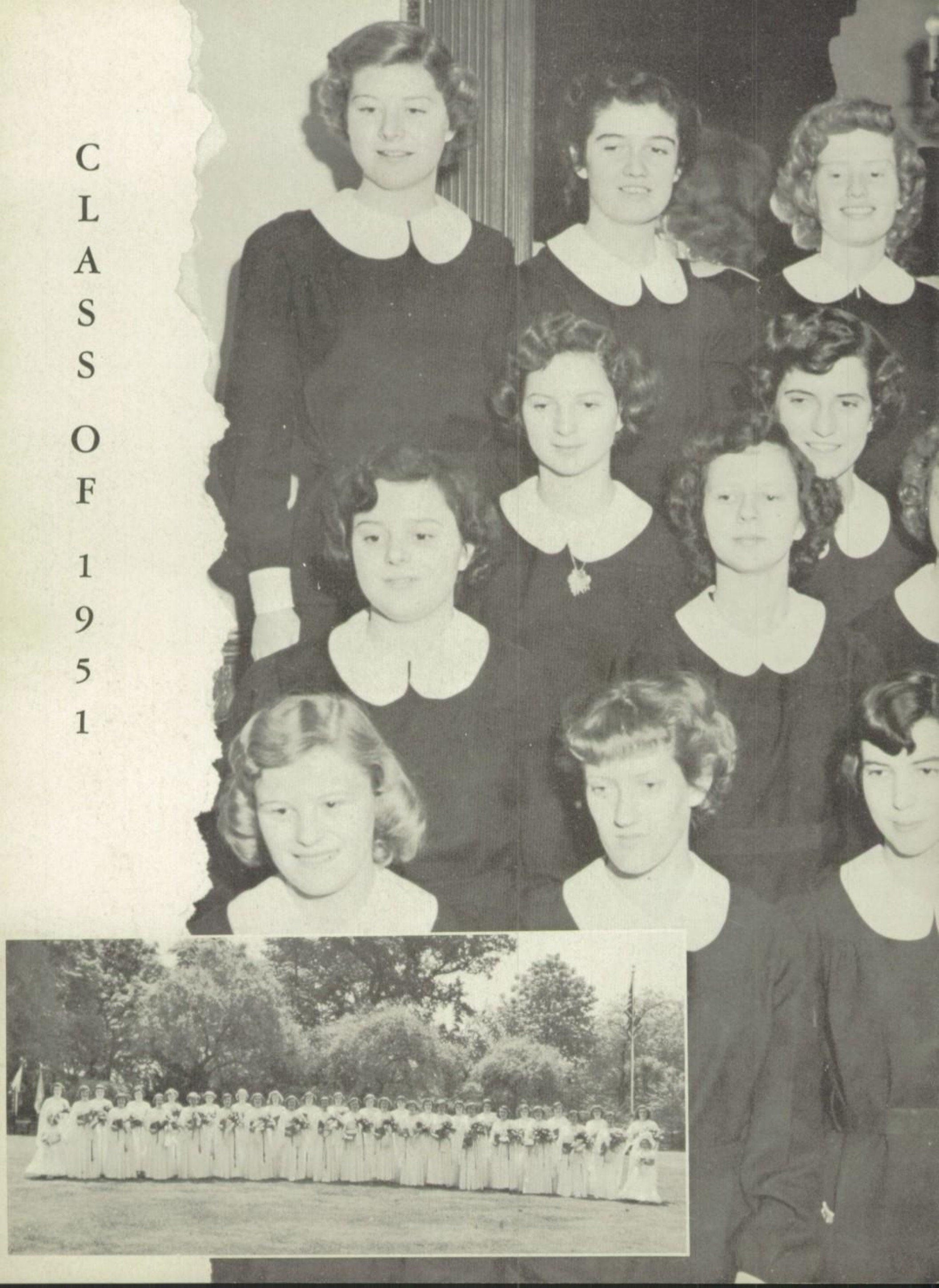
Reverend Edward Conlin, O.S.F.S. surrounded by these angels on their First Communion Day in St. Mary's Chapel

The unfinished stage—the unfinished play!
"Tryouts" for MADEMOISELLE MODISTE.

Eleanor! Pat! Get that ball!

The String Ensemble at work!

CLASS OF 195
1



After 12 years at S. M. A., each of these seniors speaks for herself. I like St. Mary's because of . . .

the wonderful education I have received . . . the traditional trimming of the Christmas tree . . . carols . . . operettas . . . basketball and hockey . . . Retreat . . . Graduation.

the close friendship of classmates, and interested attention of the Sisters . . . fostering of my desire to teach . . . preparedness to meet and appreciate people.

the training, not only in book knowledge, but in social graces so important in the world today . . . taking my place successfully in the business world.

THEY HAVE DESIGNS FOR THE FUTURE

its solid Catholic training program . . . amiable atmosphere . . . guidance toward the future . . . I plan to be a medical technician after I finish at college.

the material and spiritual helps . . . self-confidence to fit into the business world . . . ability to be congenial with other people.

the happy days spent with classmates and teachers . . . "homey" atmosphere . . . training in sociability and correct manners . . . fitness for secretarial work in the medical field or in a bank

Anne Eunice Abromaitis

7018 Cedar Park Avenue

LI 8-5840 St. Athanasius

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Class President 1; Yearbook Staff 4; Basketball Varsity 2-3-4; Intramurals 1-2-3-4; French 3; Glee Club 3-4; Science Club 2; Dramatics 2-3-4; Stage Crew 1; Dancing 2-3; Prom Committee 3; Library Aide 1-2-3.

Nancy . . . inveterate worrier . . . Charleston fan . . . Jackie and Nancy, Inc. . . . future secretary . . . dashing guard . . . pleasant disposition . . . sweet smile . . . soft spoken . . . helpful . . . chauffeurs the "Green Pony" . . . absent minded . . . "Gee Whiz."

Jacqueline Ann Barth

2712 West Lehigh Avenue

RA 5-7603 St. Columba

Hockey 3; Basketball Varsity 2-3-4; Captain 4; Intramural 1-2-3-4; Spanish Club 2-3; Latin Club 1-2-3; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Science Club 2; Dramatics 1-2-3-4; Stage Crew 1-2; Prom Committee 3.

Jackie . . . tall and terrific . . . perfect model . . . conscientious varsity captain . . . our baby . . . attractive in glasses . . . Nancy's buddy . . . shy naive manner . . . fascinating lunches . . . always fussing with her curls . . . beautiful complexion . . . slow poke . . . in a constant dither . . . "Oh my gracious."

Catharine Marie Bonner

2930 North 27th Street

SA 2-3295 Corpus Christi

Sodality 3-4; Spanish Club 3-4; Business Club 3-4; Glee Club 3; Dramatics 4.

Kass . . . sunny disposition . . . rosy cheeks . . . retiring smile . . . always ready for fun . . . movies are her second home . . . collection of class rings . . . honored desk in front of Sister . . . expert bowler . . . came from Hallahan in our Junior year . . . forever late . . . incessant chatterbox . . . heartbreaker . . . "Are you kidding?"

Mary Louise Brann

1055 Granite Street

JE 5-9287 St. Martin of Tours

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Student Representative 1-2; Yearbook Staff 4; Basketball Varsity 2; Intramurals 1-2-3-4; French Club 3-4; Science Club 2-4; Latin Club 3; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Dramatics 1-2-3-4; Dancing 2-3; Prom Committee 3.

Mary Lou . . . tiny tot . . . cherubic face . . . darling dimples . . . a deb of Medford Lakes . . . expression in her eyes . . . lilting soprano . . . the dark haired member of the Brann trio . . . loyal Maryite for 12 years . . . college bound . . . allergic to the name Mary Louise . . . Palmer handwriting . . . $64 question in every class . . . success always.

Eleanor Mary Burke

5306 North Broad Street

MI 4-5306 Holy Child

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Our Lady's Group Leader 1; Business Staff 4; Basketball Varsity 1-2-3-4; Captain 2-3; Intramural 1-2-3-4; Hockey Time Keeper 4; French Club 3-4; Latin Club 3; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Science Club 2-4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Stage Crew 2-3; Dancing 2-3; String Ensemble 1-2-3-4; Prom Committee 3.

Nora . . . wonderful sense of humor . . . unique dainty sneeze . . . laughing always . . . loveable . . . always ready for an argument . . . school spirit plus . . . innumerable neices and nephews . . . Immaculata future Alma Mater . . . wonderful athlete . . . enviable eye lashes . . . lone alto at assembly . . . friendly smile . . . famous mission leader . . . spends summers at Clementon . . . mathematically inclined.

Barbara Anne Donohoe

1427 - 68th Avenue

WA 4-8257 Holy Angels

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Class Treasurer 2-3-4; French Club 3; Chemistry Club 4; Latin Club 3; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Dancing 2-3; Prom Committee 3.

Babs . . . sunny disposition . . . blue eyes . . . a friend in need . . . blushes easily . . . her incredible cousin Patsy . . . future R.N. . . . faithful Library Aide . . . baby face . . . rarely if ever loses her temper . . . always has a smile . . . cute nose . . . helpful . . . class treasurer . . . very sweet . . . "Oh, no."

Dolores Doolan

1228 East Stafford Street

LI 8-2508 Immaculate Conception

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; French Club 3; Dancing 2-3; Business Club 3-4.

Dedee . . . pretty eyes . . . bobby sox fan . . . expert shoe shine girl . . . always raring for a fight . . . good natured . . . always misplacing something . . . notable accomplishment—forward roll . . . surprised look when called on in class . . . wavy black hair . . . part of S.M.A.'s cornerstone . . . faithful to St. A's dances . . . fan of string bands . . . very neat . . . patient listener to troubles . . . "What did she say?"

Virginia Veronica Gilligan

Terwood Road

Willow Grove 3068-R3

Immaculate Conception, Jenkintown

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Class President 2-3-4; Class Treasurer 1; Yearbook Staff 4; Hockey Team 3-4; Captain 4; Basketball Intramurals 1-2; Varsity Cheerleader 1; Manager of Basketball Team 4; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Latin Club 3; French Club 3-4; Chemistry Club 4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Dancing 2-3; Prom Committee Chairman 3.

Ginny . . . a born leader . . . enjoying a Mathless Senior year . . . captain of the hockey team . . . reliable . . . oxidized hair . . . sharp dresser . . . keen sense of humor . . . able class president . . . prize dancer . . . A+ in school spirit . . . hard worker . . . expert driver . . . future Immaculatan . . . infectuous giggle.

Joan Anastasia Greipp

249 Warrior Road

HI 6-7145 St. Dorothy's

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Catholic Literature Leader 1; Student Representative 3; Vice-President 2-4; Yearbook Staff 2-3-4; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; French Club 3; Latin Club 3; Chemistry Club 4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Dancing 2-3; String Ensemble 1-2-3-4; Prom Committee 3.

Tall and distinguished . . . soft voice . . . sets style in glasses . . . oxfords are good substantial shoes, but . . . have you tried "Felso" peaches and cream complexion . . . beautiful hand writing . . . noted for witty remarks . . . devoted to her violin . . . experienced baby sitter . . . honor student . . . Veep . . . out-of-town commuter . . . plans to attend Immaculata . . . wavy hair . . . "Don't Worry."

Patricia Mary Hartsough

411 East Gowen Avenue

WI 7-6452 Holy Cross

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Literary Staff 2-3; Associate Editor 4; Varsity Basketball 2-3-4; Intramurals 1-2-3-4; Hockey 3; Latin Club 3; French Club 3; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Vice-President 4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Dancing 2-3; Library Aide 2-3.

Pat . . . très petite . . . swell personality . . . always ready for fun . . . can always be found in O.C. . . . talks supersonically fast . . . Hilda's cohort . . . popular with both sexes . . . lovely long locks . . . chief party promoter . . . flashing forward . . . enormous appetite . . . competent associate editor . . . lovely green eyes . . . "Good thing I don't get mad easy."

Joan Jocelyn Hibbs

2310 West 74th Avenue

HA 4-1119 St. Athanasius

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Basketball Varsity 2-4; Intramurals 1-2-3-4; Hockey 4; Dramatics 1-2-3-4; Glee Club 2-3-4; Dancing 1-2-3; French Club 3-4; Latin Club 3; Chemistry Club 4.

Hibbsie . . . appreciable artistic ability . . . avid note taker . . . likes to explain things . . . very regular features . . . pretty teeth . . . huge appetite . . . plans a career in science . . . naturally curly hair . . . St. A's supporter . . . prefers using her middle name . . . clever at the key board . . . "Hibbs the Hunter."

Bernice Helen Hill

4754 Penn Street

DE 6-5985 St. Joachim's

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Basketball Varsity 3; Intramurals 2-3; French Club 3; Science Club 2; Business Club 3-4; Dramatics 2-3-4.

Bernie . . . pretty eyes . . . nice figure . . . variable hair color . . . favors bobby sox . . . strong voice . . . never worries . . . numerous nieces and nephews . . . Frankford rooter . . . one of a trio . . . rarely on time . . . lots of nervous energy . . . likes bangs . . . always ready with an answer . . . "Does he wear pegs?"

Mary Rita Knapp

2936 Aramingo Avenue

NE 4-0944 — Nativity

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Spanish 3; Business 3-4; Science Club 2; Dramatics 1-2-3-4.

Petite miss . . . blessed with naturally curly hair . . . "sotto voce" . . . always seen with Cass and Bernice . . . blushes easily . . . never gets disturbed . . . dotes on detention . . . future secretary . . . a ray of sunshine . . . neat . . . constantly combing her hair . . . "Sister, the trolleys were blocked."

Rita Mary Lowen

143 Rosemar Street

LI 9-3226 — St. Helena

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Prefect 4; Our Lady's Leader 3; Catholic Literature Leader 2; Student Council 4; Yearbook Staff 4; Dramatics 1-2-3-4; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Latin Club 3; Consul 3; French Club 3; Dancing 2-3; Intramural Cheerleader 2-3-4; String Ensemble 1-2-3-4; Prom Committee 3; Chairman 3.

Reet . . . perfect Sodality prefect . . . friendly with everyone . . . faithful admirer of Elkins Park . . . what a laugh . . . honor student . . . talented pianist . . . always worrying over her tests . . . Jean's alter-ego . . . beautiful dark hair . . . nice figure . . . chief retreat promoter . . . a go-getter . . . earnest student . . . "Oh kid, I don't know it."

Helen Marie Luff

804 East Phil-Ellena Street

TE 9-8011 — Little Flower

Sodality 3-4; Secretary-Treasurer 4; French Club 3-4; Latin Club 3-4; Glee Club 3-4; Dramatics 3-4; Prom Committee 3; Intramural Cheerleader 4.

Boots . . . mischievous look . . . our little blushing rosebud . . . slim silhouette . . . prefers the Avalon Air . . . a Junior year gift . . . pert nose . . . bewitching brown eyes . . . always occupied on weekends . . . voluminous wardrobe . . . constant line of chatter . . . tinkling laugh . . . typical coquette . . . loves to dance . . . optimistic toward life.

Kathleen Carol Masse

1305 Medford Road

Ardmore 7753-R — St. Colman's

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Our Lady's Group 2-4; Sacristan 3; Dramatics 1-2-3-4; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; President 4; Science Club 2-4; Latin Club 3; French Club 3; Student Council 4; Dancing 2-3; Intramural Cheerleader 2-3.

Class nightingale . . . flawless disposition . . . suburbanite . . . twinkling eyes . . . active Sodality officer . . . understanding . . . quiet manner . . . able Glee Club President . . . loyal to St. Mary's for 12 years . . . susceptible to childhood diseases . . . "Oh dear!"

Hilda Ruth Murlasits

Haldeman Avenue

Orchard 3-8367 Maternity of B.V.M.

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Class Secretary 1-2-3; Yearbook Staff 1-2-3-4; Treasurer 4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; French Club 3; Business Club 3-4; President 3; Secretary 4; Dancing 2-3; Prom Committee 3; Library Aide 1-2; Science Club 2; Basketball 1; Cheerleader 2-3-4.

Bonnie . . . an honest blonde . . . forever dieting . . . tricky last name . . . adept at making funny faces . . . a persodent smile . . . St. Matt's on Wednesday night . . . our veteran driver . . . always lots of fun . . . inhabitant of the wilds of Bustleton . . . forever talking . . . persevering Business Manager . . . popular . . . energetic cheerleader . . . "Already."

Doris Veronica McCann

Jenkintown Road and Tookany Drive

Cheltenham 3087-R Presentation

Sodality 1-2-3-4;Vice-President of Student Council 4; Spanish Club 3; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Business Club 3-4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Dancing 1; Prom Committee 3; Intramural Cheerleader 3-4.

Pidgie . . . another Liz Taylor . . . Veep of S.C. . . . never stops talking . . . poised and charming . . . one of the McCann clan . . . delightful laugh . . . future secretary . . . queen of Wildwood . . . intense brown eyes . . . patrial to high heels . . . rarely worries . . . "Oh kid."

Jean Anne McDermott

5760 Marshall Street

HA 4-7527 St. Helena's

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Mission Leader 4; Glee Club 3-4; Business Club 3; President 4; French Club 3; Yearbook Typist 4; Biology Club 2; Latin Club 1-2; Dramatics 3 4.

Mick . . . dimpled chin . . . witty . . . cheers for North . . . admirer of a future Harry James . . . 950 Club listener . . . persistent mission leader . . . leaves promptly at 3:15 . . . well-liked . . . shy till you get to know her . . . Rita's constant companion . . . "Way to go."

To my favorite "Irish"
Love
Nancy

Nancy Shelia O'Connor

6130 Marshall Street

WA 4-1797 St. Helena's

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Hockey 3-4; Cheerleader 3; Class Team 1-2-3-4; Science Club 2-4; French Club 2-3; Glee Club 3-4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Dancing 2-3.

Nanc . . . Charleston fiend . . . always laughing . . . proud of her brother . . . another Emily Post . . . her knee length socks . . . constantly late for typing . . . struggling through Chemistry . . . curly hair . . . athletic type . . . vivacious cheerleader . . . Connecticut is the place for me . . . always ready for an argument . . . "Sister, I just don't understand it."

Jane Marie Rafferty

1326 - 72nd Avenue

LI 8-0589 Holy Angels

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Catholic Literature Leader 3; Yearbook Staff 3; Editor 4; Latin Club 3-4; Consul 3; Science Club 4; Glee Club 3-4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Dancing 2-3; String Ensemble 1-2-3-4.

Raff . . . unusual tidiness . . . class wit . . . nice to know . . . Arthur Godfrey's rival . . . whiz at Latin . . . Miss Webster . . . expert at uke . . . perfect student . . . capable Yearbook Editor . . . first woman president . . . Irish eyes and hair . . . summers in Beach Haven . . . "Listen."

Love to Bettah,
Jane Rafferty

Marie Louise Theresa Ritchotte

158 Manheim Street

VI—4-3489 St. Francis of Assissi

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Yearbook Staff 4; Cheerleader 2; Latin Club 1-2-3; French Club 2-3-4; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Chemistry Club 4; Biology Club 2; Dramatics 1-2-3-4; Dancing 2-3; Library Aide 1-2-3-4.

Beautiful curly hair . . . small features . . . peaches and cream complexion . . . très petite . . . likes red . . . always helpful . . . future interior decorator . . . loves to describe her many trips . . . delights in operas . . . very faithful Library Aide . . . good conversationalist . . . pleasing personality . . . good seamstress . . . terrific taste for colors . . . always smiling.

Margaret Mary Rohach

5217 - 16th Street

MI 4-2898 Holy Child

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Class Vice-President 3; President of Student Council 4; Literary Staff 4; Basketball Intramural 1; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; Chemistry Club 4; Secretary of French Club 3; Latin Club 3; Dramatics 2-3-4; Dancing 2-3; String Ensemble 1-2-3-4; Prom Committee 3.

Margie . . . another Chopin . . . plenty of grey matter . . . pleasant speaking voice . . . likes to harmonize . . . worries about her hair . . . perfect president of Student Council . . . always prepared . . . athletic brother . . . one of a trio . . . scientific bent . . . tall and thin . . . "Girls."

Marion Helen Schimpf

258 Haines Street

VI 4-8856 St. Vincent de Paul

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Spanish Club 2-3; President 3; Business Club 3-4; Dramatics 3-4; Dancing 2-3.

Small and dainty . . . talkative . . . infectuous giggle . . . exuberant nature . . . tiny feet . . . always going somewhere . . . speaks very quickly . . . energetic . . . pretty blue eyes . . . nice teeth . . . friendly . . . even disposition . . . enjoys a good time . . . "Oh, it was a riot."

Joan Ruth Smith

2615 Somerset Street

SA 2-1402 — Corpus Christi

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Mission Leader 1-2-3-4; Yearbook Staff 1-2-3-4; Basketball Varsity 2-3-4; Intramural 1-2-3-4; Glee Club 1-2-3-4; French Club 3; Business Club 3-4; Dramatics 2-3-4; Dancing 2-3.

Smitty . . . mellow miss 5′ 5″ . . . fascinating brown eyes . . . miniature waist . . . glib guard . . . sweeping eyelashes . . . chic clothes . . . keeps Vincent busy with the scissors . . . the other half of the Dedee duo . . . in demand as a baby sitter . . . that famous brother Norman . . . all aboard for Immaculata . . . her own speech inflections . . . "Do you have any money for the Missions?"

Joan Barbara Wambold

265 Spencer Street

WA 4-8793 — St. Helena's

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Eucharistic Leader 1-2-3-4; French Club 3; Science Club 2; Business Club 3-4; Dancing 2-3; String Ensemble 1-2; Dramatics 2-3-4; Glee Club 2-3-4.

Wows West Point . . . a swell model . . . her specialty: Holy Hour . . . that giggle . . . vivacious . . . long anecdotes . . . lustrous hair . . . beautiful complexion . . . keeps Rita and Jean busy . . . the grass is greener in Wyoming . . . Pepsodent smile . . . uncertain about her future . . . always in a dither . . . that worried look on Tuesday . . . "Got a letter today."

Mary Jane Dolores Wenzel

5209 "C" Street

MI 4-5991 — St. Ambrose

Sodality 1-2-3-4; Spanish Club 2-3; Secretary 2-3; Business Club 3-4; Secretary 3; Dramatics 2-3-4; Glee Club 1-2-3-4.

Wennie . . . class clown . . . slender . . . witty . . . Pop's pamphlet distributor . . . ambition to have long hair . . . Olney fan . . . full of nonsense . . . gift of "gab" . . . buy it at Lit's . . . relishes retreats . . . sews sharp plaid hats . . . "What say, hey?"

AT LAST, THE COMPLETION

By Way of INTRODUCTION

"I AM THE GHOST of the school year past. A rather literate ghost at that, for you see I, too, was once a writer. Short stories, poems, essays and dramas flowed off my pen in the twinkling of an eye. I don't do much writing nowadays, it is too hard to obtain the necessary material where I am stationed. Nevertheless, I take a great interest in everyone else's work. Take these following pages, for instance. My fellow cadavers and I perused them carefully those long winter months and now pronounce them thoroughly delightful. We are most interested in the Seniors' contributions, for after four years of drill on literary forms, they are sure to respond with several masterpieces.

What caught my eye first was that clever story by Virginia Gilligan. Perhaps you didn't know, but I am on a speaking acquaintance with Angel 5x40cl, a very good fellow. I can predict a great future for that voluminous writer, Marie Louise Ritchotte. Being a tramp myself, at heart, you can guess which of her pieces I enjoyed most. Mary Lou Brann's story made me realize the heartaches that the fighting men must endure. What a versatile girl that Joan Greipp is! Writing both prose and poetry doesn't phase her. After reading Nancy O'Connor's article on cheerleading. I can't refrain from giving a few "Hurrahs" in praise of the editor's contributions. I hope you will all heed the points which Patricia Hartsough and Jane Rafferty brought out in their editorial. Since many of my own literary attempts appeared in the "Ghost's Gazette," I was overjoyed with the report of their interview with Mr. Slocum. Pat Hartsough's story was splendidly done and I hope you didn't miss the moral. Jane would have us believe that she can't draw, judging from her humourous essay. Well take it from me—she can't! Don't miss the quartet of essays on the Seasons written by the hard working senior members of the literary staff. I know Margaret Rohach's favorite time of the year. Perhaps it is the absence of school worries that she enjoys most during that season.

The senior poems were excellent. Marie Louise Ritchotte, Kathleen Masse, Joan Smith and Joan Greipp would have given Keats and Shelley quite a scare if those famous 19th century masters were still living.

In the junior class, that peerless peregrinator, Jeanine Pasquariello enthralled me with the accounts of her interesting trip abroad. That Our Lady should never be by-passed is clearly illustrated by Catherine Miralles. The humourous essays by Phyllis Beggin and Kathleen Branco lightened many a blue Monday for me. The sole junior poet, Patricia McKenna, inspired me with her tribute to the Blessed Mother.

The sophomores are not to be outdone either. Joan Donnelly and Claire Knapp are both poets and story tellers. Mary Alice Kenny's poem on the Assumption is particularly timely for this is the year of the proclamation of the dogma.

I was very pleasantly surprised when I saw how well the freshmen were represented. Doris Cooke, that experienced equestrienne, gave me quite a treat with her beautifully descriptive essay. I hope that Betty Peileke keeps her sense of humour despite any injuries sustained on the hockey field. Also, may Theresa Smith soon reconcile herself to the new T.V. set.

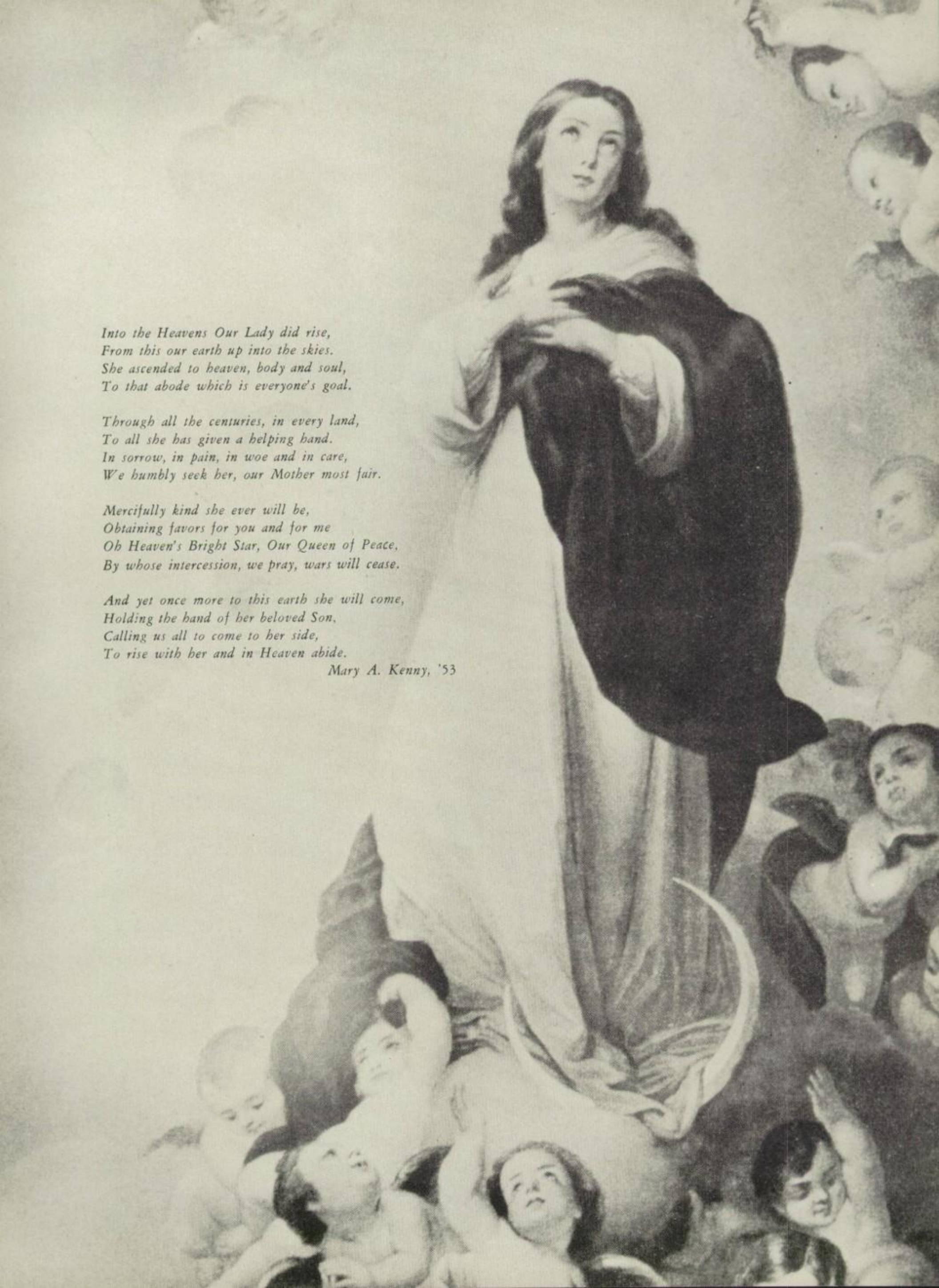
Well, it's getting dark now, and you all know that we spirits are busiest during the evening hours. Until next year—"Adieu!"

Night

I heard the trailing garments of the night,
As I sat in my quiet nook;
I saw her touch with white moonlight,
The trees beside the brook.

I saw the deer come down to drink,
On the bank of the little stream;
The owl in the tree seemed deeply to think,
For he hooted twice in my dream.

Marie Louise Ritchotte, '51



Into the Heavens Our Lady did rise,
From this our earth up into the skies.
She ascended to heaven, body and soul,
To that abode which is everyone's goal.

Through all the centuries, in every land,
To all she has given a helping hand.
In sorrow, in pain, in woe and in care,
We humbly seek her, our Mother most fair.

Mercifully kind she ever will be,
Obtaining favors for you and for me
Oh Heaven's Bright Star, Our Queen of Peace,
By whose intercession, we pray, wars will cease.

And yet once more to this earth she will come,
Holding the hand of her beloved Son,
Calling us all to come to her side,
To rise with her and in Heaven abide.

Mary A. Kenny, '53

Progress and World Peace

JANE RAFFERTY, '51
PAT HARTSOUGH, '51

WEBSTER DEFINES progress simply as a step forward, a brief definition but a meaningful one. Modern man, with all his marvelous inventions, feels certain that he has indeed made progress. With the advent of the "Atomic Age" have come amazing discoveries in medicine and other allied fields. New "wonder drugs" such as penicillin, streptomycin, and aureomycin have relieved some of the formerly incurable ailments of mankind. The door to atomic power, hailed by some as a saviour of mankind and by others as a diabolical machination, has been unlocked. The assembly line, as originated by Henry Ford, has greatly accelerated the output of manufactured goods. These and other examples are cited as proof that our age is indeed an age of progress. Yet, if one takes a closer look at the facts, it seems that for every step forward that man takes materially, he takes two steps backwards spiritually. Never before in history has the whole world been so morally decadent. Countries once Christian—France, for example—have crumbled because moral values have been discarded. In place of them man has adopted a code of "mores" or customs that he has changed to suit his own individual needs. Divorce, an almost unheard of thing a century ago, is now tolerated and even advised on the flimsiest of grounds. So-called "mercy killings" are now considered humane practices. Slowly but surely, man is attempting to usurp rights which belong to God. This he labels Progress.

In trying to adjust himself to this changing world, man has formulated and furthered the growth of certain political and religious idealogies. The most powerful ones are the three "isms"—Fascism, Nazism, and Communism. The first two have been conquered by democratic nations but the third has continued to grow and to grasp more and more nations in its deadly grip. Begun as a small movement, it has taken hold of the masses with a speed comparable only to the beginnings of the Christian religion. But where Christianity has raised the dignity of man to a level never previously reached, Communism has crushed it to a point where it is barely recognizable. Communism is a doctrine which is basically opposed to every thing that Americans believe in. Only now are the people of democratic countries beginning to combat it. How? Invariably, the method proposed is war. Nations seem to regard war as a universal panacea for the illnesses of the world. Yet, it appears that all the wars of history have not succeeded in bringing about that much desired elusive end—peace. In 1914, we entered a war which the President promised would safeguard the world against all further attacks. What did it accomplish? Nothing. Did it bring about peace and security? No, for approximately twenty-five years later, the same country that we had "conquered" waged another war. Again we were victorious. As the popular saying goes, "We won the war, but we lost the peace." Again today, the whole world is in the same muddled condition. On June 25, 1950, the United Nations made a decision to defend Korea. This move will have very serious repercussions.

We offer as a perfect solution the greatest "ism' of all—Catholicism. The cry for Catholic action is loud. More Christophers are needed to bear Christ's name to the waiting world. The fields of television, radio, journalism, politics and various others are wide open for new ideas, ideas that will raise man again to the dignity he first possessed. Who can do this better than those who know and abide by the moral law? Because of the great influence television bears on fascinated men, women, and children, what better opportunity is there to present Christian ideals than through this medium? But as we click that little knob what appears? Cowboys, murder stories, and variety shows. Nowadays, children, instead of playing house, imitate murderers. Is it any wonder so many people are mentally deranged and war-loving? Yes, this mechanism has its many disadvantages but at a closer view it is not wholly bad. Perhaps by showing good example and knitting the family closer together it may aid in solving some of the many world problems.

Another field that has taken as many steps backward as forward is that of literature. The Church has led the way to culture and has num-

bered among her ranks many fine writers since early times. Who is going to retrace this path and rid the world of its chaos? There are few well-known Catholic authors today. Those most widely read are G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc. Thomas Merton, a young Catholic author, is not only gaining great prominence in literary circles but at the same time, is bringing Christian ideals to light.

These are the people to watch so that we may follow in their footsteps. Through them, the young journalist will learn how to herald the cry for Catholic Action through the pen.

From the condition of the world today, it is obvious that there are no real leaders, merely politicians. Without competent men to guide us, progress is at a standstill. The biggest mistake our leaders are making is leaving out the One through Whose help, we can win the peace. Without God we can do nothing. Only when the nation is led by able men who give due credit to God, can there be peace and unity among all peoples.

Again, we use Webster to define the word "unity". He says that it is the state of oneness or singleness. One is very small, but not an easy number to achieve. To begin with we must have unity of the family. If there is oneness in the family, the state will be as one and it will build itself into a single nation. We cannot expect other nations to have unity until we ourselves have attained it.

This is the year of decision. This is the time when we must decide what we are going to do and how we are going to do it. We can reach a verdict only by uniting into a peaceful, God-loving body and by deciding on certain principles that must be carried out; also by building up men who can bear the brunt with courageous souls, men who turn to God when they know they need Him. We cannot count time by years but by progress. Let this be the year of construction rather than destruction. Let us tear down the foundation of the past year and begin to rebuild with God's help.

"Unless the Lord buildeth the house, they labor in vain that buildeth it."

WHAT! Not Again

PHYLLIS BEGGIN, '52

WHAT A FASCINATING TITLE! And how well it fits into the woeful tale I have to tell of my own dear family and our hopes. What are they? Ah, dear reader, that is the trouble. We're beginning to wonder ourselves. You see, it all started last February when the "moving bug" bit us—as he so villainously does every two or three years. But this time it was going to be different, so we thought! Our latest tactics called for an entirely new house. After all, there were certainly enough new houses being built and somebody had to buy them, so—why not us? (Later we were to say, "But why us?") After discussing the matter thoroughly, it was brought to a vote and unanimously agreed that we launch a search for a modern dwelling. We then set out. The "search" which followed is something I would rather not discuss, if you don't mind. Indeed, if any of you have ever gone through the same experience, I'm sure you'll understand. As usually happens, after persevering efforts, we found our "dream house"—well anyway, a plot of land situated on Cottman Street, in the residential section of Mayfair. We stood around ecstatically when told that it would be constructed by June at the very latest—Hmn! Here is a brief summary of what has happened since that time.

March—You'll be in by June."

April—"We'll start digging any day now."

May—"A period of damp, rainy weather which lasts until—."

July—"Hurrah, they've started! Our abode is a pile of dirt."

August—"Things are looking up. It's now a pile of rocks."

September—"Almost finished and we should be in next month."

October—Still waiting, but they said we'll be in by November for sure.

But———I———wonder———?

Your "specs" can be your . . .

WINDOWS OF THE WORLD

JOAN GREIPP, '51

NOW, YOU PROBABLY don't know me. I'm just an old country gent spending my life, what's left of it for me to spend, right here in Countrydell. And I've a little something I'd like to mention after a bit. Nothing special, mind you, but pull up a chair, and you might get interested.

Folks around these parts are right nice. Just plain, ordinary folks who live day after day, through sunshine and shower, but they mean well and usually manage to keep on the right of the Lord. We take great pride in our town. It's not very big; I guess the population isn't any more than a hundred, if it's that much. We haven't any skyscrapers or big department stores, but Jim Collins' General store suits us and we're happy with what we have. That Jim Collins is a nice chap. He lets me set my rocking chair on the porch of the store and never bothers me—just lets me sit there all day a-smoking my old briar and dreaming, or else talking to the townfolk. There aren't many people in town today; they all went to Matt Rochson's place. He's going to demonstrate a new electric machine he got for milking his cows. I stayed right here on the porch. I figure that those new fangled ideas will bring city ways to our little town fast enough and I don't aim to rush out and meet them halfway. I prefer the country myself. That clean, fresh feeling in the air, a little brook a-gurgling somewhere near, and birds chirping in the trees on a still summer day—yes—I guess that's as close to heaven as we'll get in this world and I don't like the idea of letting some giant of a locomotive come snorting in and spoil the dream. Well, that kind of takes me away from what I planned to say—

I'm no philosopher but I've seen enough and heard enough in my life to help formulate a little common sense. "There's no fool like an old fool," they say. Well, I am old; I've seen seventy-three summers already, but I like to think that I'm not a fool. Now I sit here every day looking out at the passing world through these glasses of mine and I see all kinds of folks—skinny, fat, tall, short; some happy, some sad. Some folks look a little worried; others look so serene you'd think that no matter what happened, they wouldn't blink an eyelash. What is it that makes people so different? Why do some always look so worried and fretful? How can others go through life looking like they hadn't a worry in the world? Well, like I said before, I'm no philosopher, but I think I know the answers to these questions. I think that the biggest difference is sight. Now don't get me wrong—I don't mean that Hattie Frick is crabby because she needs glasses, or that the wrinkles between young Hank Jessup's eyes are from squinting and not from fretting over last month's chicken feed bill; no, I don't mean that. And I don't mean that a cheerful person is s'happy because he happens to have 20/20 vision. Take me for instance. I wear glasses, I have to—can't see a thing without them—but still I'm happy. No, I don't mean eyesight when I say sight is the biggest difference; no sir, I mean something different. You take these people that have a kind of hindsight. They're usually moaning about some drought or flood that happened years ago. These poor people look so far back to the past they forget the present and there is no future for them. These are the people that are always troubled. They just let life slip through their fingers. You might say their glasses are clouded with the things of the past and they can't look through them to see the sunshine of today.

Next—are you still listening? I get to talking like this and just keep right on going. Light up a smoke if you want; I always say a smoke helps a feller relax. Well, like I was saying—next are the people who always look happy. Now these are the folks with foresight. They get set for their tomorrows by doing today's job with a smile. That's good advice you know—take care of every today and you won't have to spend time worrying about the future. If something unexpected happens, like as not they're ready to change their plans to fit the need. These people maybe don't have perfect eyesight but leastways they have their glasses on straight and clean 'n they get a good look at the world. Can't help wishin' more folks would use foresight 'stead of hindsight. Might make for a better world to live in.

Funny isn't it, how you can take something like a pair of glasses and moralize on them? I wouldn't be without my glasses though, no sir. I depend on them, you bet—I call them my windows of the world.

Well, it's getting late. I see some of the folks coming back from Matt's. It was nice of you to stop over. If you're ever in Countrydell again—ask for me. The name's Tom Awl, yes sir, Tom C. Awl.

IMP OR ANGEL?

KATHLEEN T. BRANCO, '52

JULY 16, 1940 dawned, joyous and eventful. To an excited seven-year-old girl it was the most wonderful day in the world. Yes, she felt her infant sister was perfect. Alas, if she could only have foreseen the havoc this minx would wreak! Her name, of course, had to be Eleanore Rose. Why did they give a tiny infant such a long name? They tell me my mother went to school with a very charming girl named Rose Eleanor. She was a quiet girl, very sweet and patient. Mother thought this sleeping babe resembled this same angelic friend and thus our baby inherited the name. At times I wonder how appearances could have been so deceiving. My theory is that when the name was reversed, the character reversed itself also.

I recall her days at Nursery school, especially when Sister related the tale of the archangel Gabriel. You can picture the family sitting up all night in dire fear! Eleanor Rose had misunderstood Sister's explanation and tearfully told everyone that Gabriel would blow his horn and take her to heaven that very evening.

Then came the Christmas pageant. We were all bursting with pride because our baby was chosen to recite a poem. Just why did she take hysterics before the grand opening? What was this nonsense about losing her heart? After many a coaxing inquiry, we discovered that the poem she was to recite read thus:

"What can I give Him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I'd give Him a lamb,
If I were a wise man I'd do my part.
I know what I'll give Him; I'll give Him my heart."

Those were the dark ages but alas, only a preparation for the years to come.

First, it was my favorite tube of lipstick which, to my distress, also became *her* favorite. One day, on returning home from school I found half of it gone. Who did it? Need I think twice? When approached about the subject, she nonchalantly replied that she had eaten it. This question, undoubtedly, will continue to stump my children's children until it has become a traditional tale. Oh, my scintillating Blue Waltz! Eleanor Rose felt the odor of our kitten was most unpleasant and set out to remedy the situation by bathing it in my most expensive scent. What could I say when she employed that famed expression of innocence?

With the advance of years her brilliance increased.

At the age of seven she could swing on the subway poles very professionally. By the time she was eight, she decided the buses made comfortable picnic grounds and saved her lunches to munch while riding. Embarrassing? Well, just put yourself in my shoes!

Then came the year! Eleanor decided she would have a surprise party. Of course, there was nothing wrong with that, but the hitch was, it surprised my mother, too. Can you picture the bewildered faces of the family when twenty-six mischievous children crashed through the door! But, of course, she was too young to realize what she had done (at least, that's what they say). Now, at last she is ten, and what a sophisticated ten! She has perfected her English to such an extent that only she can interpret the words she uses.

Her magnetic personality has changed to one of wittiness. Take, for example, the month of the suffering souls during which Eleanor Rose bicycled to church and prayed for Grandmother. When Grandmother explained in her most patient way that she should pray for the dead throughout this month—not the living, she replied brilliantly, that she had prayed for her in advance.

Now don't think I'm complaining or criticizing because I am really very fond of her. But when I very gently explain that she has done the wrong thing, should she tell me I have no respect for her? To be sure, we all have our crosses, some heavier than others, and it so happens that mine is in the form of an adorable eighty-pound ten-year-old. Perhaps she does wangle me into many embarrassing situations but then, what would I do without her? I have often wondered!

Art for Art's Sake

JANE RAFFERTY, '51

THE WORD "ART" comes from the Latin "ars" meaning, of course, "art." That astounding piece of information exhausts my entire stock of knowledge concerning the subject. Picasso or Rembrandt, it all means the same to me, that is, nothing. Perhaps my finer sensibilities were dulled by my grammar school course in appreciation of art. Every other Friday, out would come our books and everyone would duly turn to the appointed page only to be greeted by a faint outline of Millet's "Angelus" or some similar work. Appropriate questions would accompany the study, such as, "Describe the color scheme of the peasant's costume." This always stopped me completely, for unless I am color blind, the picture was printed entirely in black and white.

Upon reaching high school, I was informed of the glad news that we were to have the opportunity to put our dormant artistic ability to work. Dormant is a particularly descriptive adjective; I might even call it "mourant," for my ability failed to wake up at all. However, each Wednesday I dutifully attended the class (no alternative was offered) and attempted to soak up some culture. Alas! to no avail! How could any rational being expect me to draw a proverb in "Old English" print when I have difficulty writing my own name legibly in Modern American?

Our next assignment was to decorate a small wooden bucket using a Pennsylvania Dutch motif. Daubing a bit of paint here and there, I quickly executed (and I use the word advisedly) the masterpiece. My only hope is that no one from Up-State ever lays eyes on it. Yet, I feel rather safe, for on its arrival home it was soon relegated to the darkest regions of the cellar. "Too nice to use," the family said. Sometimes I wonder!

By Sophomore year I had perfected a system. Whenever my work was to be examined, I would be engrossed in offering constructive criticism to my classmate's drawing or, better still, by some stroke of luck, my pencil would need sharpening. By the time I came back to my desk, the art instructor would have passed on to the next girl, much to my relief.

Then, happy day! Junior year came providing blessed relief from that weekly ordeal. For one whole year I was carefree, but the respite was indeed brief for, on becoming a senior, I discovered that art was again included in our curriculum. Caught unaware, I could only sit back helplessly, also art-lessly. Yet I feel that my teacher no longer expects much of me for she smiles knowingly as she glances at my feeble attempts.

Pathos of War

On far-flung battlefields of gray,
A soldier fights, wearied,
Grimy with the filth of war.
Shots ring through the day and night;
The Voice of Peace is heard no more.

The wounded moan, and in each moan is heara
The heartbreaks and the pain.
A sentry is alerted;
That glimmer is moonlight on a hostile gun.
The enemy approaches,
And through the long and bitter night
A mother's lonely heart calls to her son.

Joan Greipp, '51

A Soldier's Prayer

MARY LOU BRANN, '51

THE ROARING, CRACKLING sound of guns and cannons ceased at last. The night was calm and as a soldier relaxed, he cast his eyes toward the heavens. The sky seemed especially radiant with twinkling stars and well it should be, for tonight was Christmas Eve. How different it was from the happy hours which his family had spent together each December 24th! As he regarded the grim faces of his comrades, he could not help wondering if they all missed home as much as he. Reverently, he bent his head and prayed to God that he would soon be reunited with his family.

At this moment a dispatch was sent out that his division was to return to the camp to rest after the many days of hard fighting. The soldiers gladly obeyed but almost all found it impossible to rest—Christmas Eve and so many miles from home.

The barracks were located near a small town and the soldier, not being able to sleep, arose and wandered toward the village. As he strolled through the deserted streets, he suddenly heard faint strains of heaven-like music. Following the sound, he came upon the shattered remains of what must have been, at one time, a small cottage. The lonely soldier crept up and peered through a window. He was startled by what he saw taking place before his weary but hopeful eyes.

There appeared a tiny room dimly lit by the flicker of a candle. This light revealed a man, woman and two children. He watched as they raised their voices in chant and then knelt in solemn prayer. The room was cold and bare; there was no Christmas tree with gayly colored balls or lights nor brightly wrapped presents to be found, nevertheless, an air of perfect peace and calmness reigned within. How different this was from his memory of Christmas Eve at home and yet, as he gazed at this humble family, he suddenly realized how very much like his own family they were. The woman's tired though kind face, outlined by soft brown hair, much resembled the picture he held so dear in his wallet. Then there was that characteristic anxious expression of the man that reminded the soldier so much of the day his father had come home after losing his job. And the pious little girl looked quite a bit like Sally, especially when his younger sister opportunely acquired that angelic countenance after having done something wrong. Picturing himself as the young boy in the scene, the soldier intently observed the family and imagined he was reliving a Christmas Eve at home. He must have remained for an hour or more, just standing there, in the cold of the night.

Finally, the small candle was snuffed out and the little family went to rest their tired heads for the night. The soldier whispered good-night and lifting his eyes toward heaven, thanked God for this answer to a soldier's prayer.

THE TYPICAL TRAMP

MARIE LOUISE RITCHOTTE, '51

IN ANY CITY PARK, along the streets, or near the railroad tracks one can find the shabby tramp. His favorite position is sitting, and near him usually are the newspapers he has used during the night as insulation. It's cheaper to sleep outside, he thinks. If you want to hear his story he will charge different rates. For twenty-five, fifty cents, or a dollar, he gives three different stories of his fall to ruin. He will panhandle on street corners or in front of restaurants, beg from door to door, and in cold weather he will allow himself to be arrested for vagrancy and spend his thirty days in a nice, warm cell. He will steal and "ride the rails" to avoid the gendarmes. He is chased by dogs, sworn at by men, and ill-used in many ways, but he will go to any extreme to avoid gainful labor even though he has a twelve-hour day to do it.

The Bay Mare

DORIS COOKE, '54

THE INDIAN SUMMER sunshine drifted through the multi-colored trees, creating a pattern of autumnal beauty. The creek flowed serenely by, broken only by the occasional ripple of a curious fish. The wide bridle path stretched before you and on either side the various colors of autumn, including a splash of late red and blue summer flowers, composed a masterpiece, a symphony of color.

Whoa, girl! The mare was restless. The crisp autumn air filled her with a yearning to race, to match the speed of the wind. She was a tall bay mare, almost seventeen hands high, a picture of beauty and poise with a mane black as coal and a long graceful tail. She wanted to run and soon every fibre of your own body was filled with the same spirit and restlessness, but you checked your eagerness until you reached the "straight-away." A long stretch of ground free from the hills and sharp curves, this was used for running horses. You knew that within, her powerful muscles wanted to stretch out but outwardly her impatience was shown only by the tossing of her finely chiseled head. As she pranced through the bridle path, her head high, she looked like a queen surveying her lands. Finally, as you round the bend, the huge pine tree comes in sight, the starting point of the "straight-away."

The mare senses it with you and quickens her pace. Before you let her free, you stop, dismount and "higher your stirrups." Remounting, you walk her to the pine tree. She stands ready, awaiting only your command, upon which she speeds forward. The beauteous shades around you are seen no more as all blend into one green-brown mass. You thrill to the air biting your face and the stinging mane the wind has blown back. It brings tears to your eyes and menacingly seems about to tear you from the saddle. You bend lower hugging the mare's neck, urging her on to still greater speed. When she pulls on the bit, you let her go and she races ahead with almost incredible swiftness. What a feeling of power and greatness comes with the realization that with the tightening of the rein and a pressure of the knee you can control this fury surging beneath you! You glory in the feeling that you're almost flying; at this moment you want never to stop. An encouraging word in the mare's ear is carried away and lost on the wind. Her beautiful, effortless stride carries you over the rough terrain. All too soon now you see through blurred eyes, the turn in the road that marks the end of the "straight-away." You reluctantly gather the reins and tighten your knees. The mare gradually slackens her pace and the now calmer warm air dries the tears in your eyes.

Once more the wall of green and brown takes the form of trees and bushes. The trail is no longer a long unbroken auburn line but gradually takes shape; an occasional weed patch or rut becomes distinguishable. You stop the panting mare and, loosening her girth, you run your hand along her sweating neck and tuck the wet fetlock in the headband. She nudges you affectionately and you give her the carrot she knows you have brought. With a final pat you leave her to rest while you sink under the great oak tree nearby and let the serenity of the woods engulf you. When the mare's breathing becomes easier, you tighten the girth once more and mount. You ride off towards the creek and the woods swallow you and the "bay mare" from view.

A Saint Mary's Girl

Kathleen Masse, '51

A girl who never listens to or seeks for idle chatter,
A girl who is attentive to every little matter,
Who resigns herself to study with little or no complaint,
And does her work for God alone and not to gather fame,
A girl who's always ready to help with any task,
You never have to coax her, just politely ask.
A girl who's here to save her soul and bring back those astray
Is the type of girl you're sure to find at our own S.M.A.

"Lead Thou, Kindly Light"

PATRICIA HARTSOUGH, '51

THE STREET on which the Sommers family lives is a typical American block set off by a staunch column of trees along the margin of the road. They were planted, of course, by the budding city of Roseland. The typical husbands of this town are much too busy with office business, the wives, with other people's business, and the children, with monkey business to fiddle around with sowing seeds. Speaking about fiddles, we find the young hero of our story swaying in time to the terrible tune of his violin. A mass of unruly blonde hair covers his forehead as he bends to catch the misplaced notes and to watch the long, slim fingers run the bow over each string lovingly. All of a sudden the hair jolts back in place and a pair of startled deep blue eyes glance toward the vociferous voice coming from the other side of the porch.

"Honestly, Bill, if you don't stop screeching on that violin, I'm going to commit suicide."

"Oh, Peg, don't be such a grouch. How do you think I like it when those silly friends of yours start yodeling all over the place?"

"That's different," sniffs Peg.

"You're telling me it's different!" laughs Bill, his blue eyes dancing merrily.

"You make me sick, Bill Sommers, and I'm going to tell Mother right this minute."

A flash of red pigtails, a temper to match them and a slam of the door mark Peg's departure.

"Well, what was that little gust of wind?" asks Jack as he mounts the steps by two's and plops into the already dislocated lounging chair.

"Oh, that bratty sister of mine is always complaining about something. This time it's my violin practicing."

"Oh, you know how kids are!" states the sixteen-year-old Jack. "Hey, talking about practice, let's go down to the baseball field."

The two boys shuffle lazily toward the playground, crowded with the spring-sport-minded teenagers. They mingle among the boys, exchange hearty greetings and accept an invitation to join the game. Shouts of "Wow, what a catch!", "Boy, is this ball hard!" and "We certainly need more practice," are heard besides the usual jabber and juvenile jubilation. Bill pivots to answer a far-flung question and fails to hear the excited cries of his teammates until he turns around and meets the ball head on. He sprawls inert upon the moist ground attempting to push away the deep fog clouding his head. His brain seems to whirl and whirl. An outcry that the doctor is on his way eases the pain somewhat. Slowly he revives as he breathes in the sharp aroma of smelling salts and feels the deft fingers probing his head. Dully he opens his eyes. Everything seems just blank. His hands go swiftly to his eyes pulling and pushing the lids apart. He tries to think.

"I must be dreaming, but no, I can hear the whispered remarks of the people standing about. I can distinguish the doctor's deep voice mumbling to a few close bystanders, 'He seems to be all right. No skull fracture!' "

Bill's wild hysterical sobbing brings the crowd closer to him. "I'm blind; can't you see, I'm blind!"

The audience, tearfully, steals off.

Bill has his first ride in an ambulance.

After a brief stay in the hospital he returns home. Somehow it is different as everything is now— but here, we will let Bill tell his own story:

"I attended the Blind Institute. I wasn't like everyone else and worst of all, people pitied me— even my own family pitied me. I became bitter and morbid and moped about my room not wanting to see anyone. My buddy, Jack, continued to visit me the first few weeks and tried to relate the latest happenings at school and the newest football plays for this season's games, but I took it as mere sympathy and felt he would finally grow tired of me. For what could I do that he did? I couldn't play football."

"One day, my sister Peg, who had been all sugar and spice these days, brought my violin upstairs.

" 'Play something Bill. You haven't been practicing for ages.'

"Spitefully I threw the violin to the floor.

"You stupid fool,' I shouted, 'how can I ever play? I can't see the notes. Get out of here! You're

just like all the rest—'Poor Bill, he's blind.' Get out!'

"As if in response, my foot accidentally kicked the rejected violin and I timidly pressed my fingers over the smooth case. With it once more so close, I felt the old urge to play. For a long while I merely rippled the bow across the taut strings and then a clear picture of my favorite piece came to my mind and I started to play it softly. I was amazed as my listening ears keenly caught the beautiful drifting strains, sounding sweeter than ever before. A soft foot upon the carpet and I quickly laid my treasure aside and sat listlessly waiting.

" 'Bill,' said Mother gently, 'I was calling you to dinner but I guess you didn't hear me because of your radio.'

"Radio! What radio?' I asked.

" 'Why Bill, yours!'

"But I didn't have the radio on.'

" 'Well that's funny, I distinctly heard a violin somewhere.'

"Then Mother spied the fiddle and cried out happily, 'Bill, you were playing, weren't you? Why it was wonderful! It sounded—why—heavenly, Bill!'

"I could distinctly detect the tears in Mother's voice.

"Yes, I was. But it couldn't have been that good after all these weeks of not having had any practice. Oh, I understand. You're trying to make me feel I was great. Well, I won't have any of your flattery.'

" 'No Bill, honestly it was, it—well anyway, come on down to dinner!'

"I don't want any.'

" 'All right—I'm sorry.'

"She went downstairs, I knew, deeply hurt. Why did I have to be so resentful to everyone's praise? Why couldn't I just be my old self? Everybody's changed. I fingered my fiddle; the warm strings calmed me. I began to play another song I knew and somehow it did sound more beautiful than ever before. Of course, it was my imagination, but yet—

"After a while the boys discontinued their morale-building visits. They were always inviting me here and there but I repeated time and time again that I was too busy. They merely asked me because they felt sorry for me and I would most likely become a nuisance.

"During this time I learned Braille and other means of seeing, and threw myself into my music without anyone's knowledge. I would sit for hours picking out the notes and, finally after many months of perseverance and toil, I accomplished melody after melody.

"Then it dawned on me to write my own compositions. The beginning was most unsuccessful and I was tempted to surrender, but after thinking the plan over, I came to the conclusion it was worth while since I had nothing else to do. Every emotion I possessed created my first work and when I played it, thoughts of joy and peace came to my heart. I never thought of Mother's hovering eyes over one she loves and, without my knowledge during these constant sessions, a worried ear would be listening close-by to the pieces.

"One night a strange man came to the house for dinner. He was Mr. Morgan, a business associate of Dad's. I shly answered his few questions and as was a custom, found the way to my sanctuary and settled down to my little concert. I commenced the latest piece which told the story of all my dreams and hopes of a happy future and my arm swung back and forth as if telling the violin everything for which my heart yearned. When it ended I jumped up startled, as the door burst open and I recognized the excited voice of Mr. Morgan.

" 'My boy, let me shake your hand. Why you're a genius! Now as soon as I can arrange it, you'll be on my talent show.'

"I stood there, dazed and unbelieving. Everyday I practiced and practiced. The night finally arrived. Everyone had a word of encouragement to offer and I took it gladly. Mother straightened my tie; Sis shyly kissed me on the cheek and Dad gave me a man to man pat on the back.

"The show began. I waited for my turn backstage and listened to the nervous mumblings of the other contestants as they hastened off the stage. Then it struck. That terrible bitterness and fear. I ran to the talent scout.

"I can't go on, sir. I can't play in front of those people. They'll pity me because I'm blind. Please sir, give me my violin. I'm going home.

" 'My boy, you can't walk out now. Have courage. They won't pity you. Why they'll wish they could play half as well.'

"No, give me my violin!

" 'We can't find it, Bill. It must have been misplaced. Everyone's looking for it!'

"You've got to find it. I need it. It's my best friend. Oh, if only I could see.'

" 'Here it is. But, Bill, please let me say one thing before you run away. You were begging us

for your violin, your music. You said you needed it. It was your best friend. What about all those people? Suppose they never have any music. Most of them can't even read notes but they find comfort in knowing that they can turn on their radio at any time and have some lilting melody to brighten their day. They realize too, Bill, that they may come to a show such as this and see youths like yourself filling the places of those who are growing old. Bill, let them be content in knowing there will always be someone who can give them the happiness that music brings. They need you. They depend upon you. Will you help them?

"I took up my cherished violin and allowed them to guide me onto the stage. Silence seemed to fill every corner of the room and, pretending I was again in the solitude of my room, I lifted the bow and let my soul fill its every motion. I was so completely lost in my own dreams that as I finished I was amazingly awakened by the profound sound of thunderous applause. Mr. Morgan announced that the applause meter registered No. 15 as the winner. Why, that was my number! He also declared that contestant No. 15 was a blind boy named Bill Sommers. Blind? Blind? I heard from the audience. They didn't pity me. I had won by myself! They needed me! Tears of triumph and peace surged down my face and I whispered a prayer of thanks to God who had replaced my eyes with the glorious gift of music.

"I could hear Mom and Dad proudly cheering me from their front-row seats and yes, there adding hers was Peg and even those silly girl friends. 'God bless them all,' I breathed as the curtain rang down."

Wherever you are, I will always be . . .

AT YOUR SIDE

I AM THE GUARDIAN ANGEL of Saint Mary's Academy. I see and do many things. I'm always around, but you seldom think of me, I am the one who calls a Sister to the telephone when you are going to have a test and need a few precious minutes to study. Sometimes I even manage to persuade a Sister to postpone a test. Remember the last English Literature check-up when you were racking your grey matter but couldn't possibly recall who was the greatest poet of the sixteenth century? Well, I was the lifesaver who pestered the Holy Ghost to inspire you. And it worked too, didn't it? You can be sure that this type of work is rather nerve shattering, but the next time honor cards are awarded, listen carefully, because I applaud the loudest and longest for all of you.

Of course, I have a great many other duties. I am kept very busy at basketball games by those annoying shots that teeter on the rim and I simply must fly like lightning from the bench and give them just the tiniest tap in for two points. During the hockey season I am always sore and bruised. I get so, as you would say, "beat up" trying to help you drive that evasive ball into the cage for a goal.

Every year I look forward to Christmas time. It is so much fun then at the grammar school Christmas play when all the young ones look so unnaturally innocent, and the carols frequently make me cry. How I love prom night when the marble hall is magically transformed into a huge pink cloud with your sparkling eyes providing the starlike light.

I was very happy to receive a new charge this year. I mean the new building, of course. Many a day, I was seriously contemplating requesting God to spare me an assistant, particularly when those workmen kept running up and down the shaking roof beams with nothing to hold on to but my poor wings. However, thank God, the men, my wings, and I are still intact. Yet all the trouble was surely worth it. Just look at the new building and you will see what I mean!

A really critical period is play time. I have to be in so many places at once. Someone on the stage will completely forget her lines, and I have to whisper them in her ear. Then a stagehand will, at the same time, involuntarily turn into a juggler with a tray full of glasses and I'll have to steady her lest your emoting be suddenly interrupted by a loud crash.

The month of May is also a happy time around St. Mary's. It is inspiring to perch in the highest tree on the front campus and watch the lovely "M" you form to honor the patron of our school, Mary. I am always proud when I show this to Jesus for He is very pleased with the homage paid to His Blessed Mother and He blesses each and

every one of you for it. Another festive day in this month is May Day. The year wouldn't be complete without this happy frolicking on the lawn and I must say that I think you are all expert dancers.

It is only at graduation time that I become truly sad. I regret to see the seniors leave, but don't you think for a moment that I lose contact with them. I'm always my busybody self, eavesdropping at every alumnae meeting to hear all about your college life, your new positions or your own little families. The only disappointment comes when I check my roll book and find so many absent. You know you're not being fair to me, because I like to hear all the current news, too.

In closing now, I just want to remind you that I'm watching you all the time and it makes me very happy to be able to boast about you to the guardian angels of other schools. Remember, let me have my fun. Good-bye for now.

By Guardian Angel 5x40cl, as told to
VIRGINIA GILLIGAN, '51

Never forget . . .

"THE WOODEN LADY"

MARY CATHERINE MIRALLES, '52

"FIRE CONSUMES PLEASURE LINER 'TADOUSAC' ON SAINT LAWRENCE! ELEVEN CHARRED BODIES FOUND. UNKNOWN NUMBERS INJURED! BOAT COMPLETELY DESTROYED!"

ON AUGUST 15, 1950, the newspapers all over the world flaunted these headlines. I wonder how many readers knew the ironic story behind those bare, cold facts—why the "Tadousac" came to such a tragic end in a bed of fire? Why she never completed her second voyage? Why she, the "Tadousac," never saluted the "Wooden Lady"?

On August 13th, the new boat made her maiden voyage up the Saint Lawrence River. Among the spots of interest on the voyage was the statue on the coast by the village of Tadousac. Many years ago, a young French Catholic, stricken by a fatal disease, promised to erect a wooden statue to Mary Immaculate on the Saint Lawrence if she would obtain for him ten more years of life. The Frenchman, who was a skilled craftsman in his line, carved Our Lady and placed her high on the promontory which juts out into the bay of the great river at Tadousac just across from the wilds of Labrador. Mary did more than keep her half of the bargain. The young French Catholic lived to give twenty years of his life to glorifying God.

And so, through the years, the pleasure liners, plying the Saint Lawrence, have always stopped at the statue on the high rocks at Tadousac to pay homage to Mary, Queen of "All the Americas"—Queen from the barren wastes of Canada across the stretch of territory even to Guadalupe, which covers plain and mountains, from North to South.

Well, on that August 13th, four hundred passengers—Catholic, Protestant and Jew, waited with bated breath to see the magnificent display of ship lights, which were always focused upon the majestic statue, and to sing the poignant strains of the "Ave Maria" as they drifted past the Guardian of the old Saint Lawrence. But the passengers waited in vain. No lights were shown; no hymn was sung. The reason? The Captain of the "Tadousac" was a materialist, and did not want the newly christened ship to be behind schedule on her first voyage, so he stated he could not waste the time. "After all," he scoffed, "she's only a Wooden Lady." So, the proud little ship, with all her power, steamed up the Saint Lawrence and ignored the "Wooden Lady."

Then, as the Canadian twilight fell, the boat turned around to go back to Montreal. On the return voyage that night, a priest on the boat reproached the Captain with the question, "Don't you know that besides four hundred people, you've disappointed the Mother of God?" The Captain then condecended to allow the "Ave Maria" to be played, but not from any love of Mary.

Later that night the "Tadousac" went into drydock and prepared for the voyage of August 15, 1950. But that voyage, as we know, was never completed and the haughty vessel and its Captain never received another opportunity to salute and pay homage to Mary Immaculate, the "Wooden Lady," Queen of land and sea. Thus, was verified the thought contained in that age-old prayer, "There are none that can withstand her power."

Where Juniper meets Filbert

PAT HARTSOUGH, '51
JANE RAFFERTY, '51

"IN PHILADELPHIA NEARLY EVERYBODY READS THE BULLETIN" is the much publicized slogan of what many consider Philadelphia's finest newspaper. Having decided to investigate the whys of this statement, we arranged for an interview with Mr. Richard Slocum, Secretary and General Manager of the Bulletin. We were received very cordially. Mr. Slocum, a very tall and impressive gentleman, answered our inquiries completely and comprehensively. We began with the following question:

Jane and Pat: Mr. Slocum, many girls at St. Mary's are interested in Journalism. Are there any jobs open to the high school graduate in that field?

Mr. Slocum: Definitely, Pat and Jane, a high school graduate fits very well into a newspaper office. One thing I would recommend to every girl is that she learn shorthand. One never knows how handy this may be in any job. Secretarial jobs are very important in the business world. The secretary is many times the "brains" behind the boss. A man needs someone to take care of all the little details for which he doesn't have time. Personnel jobs are open to girls with high school training, especially to the girls with pleasant voices. Theirs is the job of selling the newspaper and of soliciting ads for it. You'd be surprised to hear that some of the girls with the most pleasant voices are the ones with the homely faces. Especially now, that the draft is in force, we expect to have more women in our office. Naturally, all the men will be glad to have them back.

Jane and Pat: Mr. Slocum, do you consider Journalism an overcrowded field?

Mr. Slocum: My answer to that, girls, is very brief and to the point. I don't consider any field overcrowded if the candidate shows ability. There is always room for the person who is talented and has the ambition to do the work.

Jane and Pat: What do you think of the School of Journalism as compared to the English courses offered in Colleges?

Mr. Slocum: I would recommend the English Major from the college every time. A broader background is offered which is extremely important in any literary field. I would advise the aspiring journalist to take all the English courses available as well as other courses that can be fitted in.

Jane and Pat: How does a paper gather all its news from the various cities and countries?

Mr. Slocum: Let us glance over this latest edition of our Bulletin. First of all, you see at the head of each news item the place where the article originated; e.g., up in the left hand corner is a dispatch from Washington. In Washington we have stationed three men whose job it is to wire us of any new development. We have one man in Pittsburgh, another in Baltimore, and perhaps you have heard of our famous European correspondent, Morley Cassidy. We are also affiliated with several news syndicates, such as, The Associated Press and the United Press. These are large organizations that have reporters throughout the globe, and they sell us news. They also send us pictures such as you see here which can be readily identified by the small print underneath that says 'Wire Photo.' These are sent over the telegraph by a process similar to that of television. I know that your senior class will enjoy watching this process when they make their visit on January 31st.

Jane and Pat: Could you let us in on some of the inside information on those popular comics, Mr. Slocum?

Mr. Slocum: Having six children myself, I know just how popular those funnies are. Here's something you can boast about when you go home. Look at the comics for this coming Sunday while I illustrate my answer to your question. Comics, girls, are not created by the Bulletin. They are bought from syndicates such as "King" which is the largest. It would be too expensive a proposition for a paper to deal personally with the artists. The designer of our most popular cartoons has a contract for $150,000 a year. There are also men not under contract to any certain syndicate and these free-lancers try to sell their own drawings. We use many of them in our "Fun Book." Tell your friends who have artistic or creative ability that it is a wonderful as well as a high-paying field.

Jane and Pat: How about that all-important section of a paper, the Editorial, Mr. Slocum?

Mr. Slocum: Every morning about ten o'clock a staff of ten men gathers in the conference room to consider world affairs and they decide what needs to be written about. They adjourn about 11:00 and each goes to his office and begins to write his opinion on the topic he has selected. This must be completed by three o'clock so that it may bet set up in print. Since the editorial is the writer's personal opinion, it need not be inspected by editors, assistant editors, etc. The material of other staff departments goes through extensive correcting and afterwards is sent to the printers or returned for a rewrite. Remember even experienced news columnists can make mistakes.

Jane and Pat: Do women hold important jobs on the paper?

Mr. Slocum: Several women hold rather important offices. Most of them write columns. The editor of the woman's page is, of course, a woman. As you know, they write articles on fashions, foods and woman celebrities. Dorothy Dix is very familiar to all of you. The Bulletin also has several women critics. Most of the work on the women's page can be printed several days beforehand.

Jane and Pat: Does the Bulletin have any certain system for answering its fan mail?

Mr. Slocum: Well, about the only thing I can say to this is that the mail truck arrives every morning with stacks of mail. This is then sorted into different departments; e.g., questions on fashion go to the fashion editor. If there is mail for me, my secretary sorts it into the personal and impersonal—so you see the secretary again comes in very handy. If the mail is miscellaneous, we have a special department with files on just about everything and it is this section's work to respond with the brilliant answer the reader wants. In this way everyone is satisfied and we receive few letters of complaint.

Jane and Pat: The Evening Bulletin has several competitors in Philadelphia. What do you think about this situation?

Mr. Slocum: Personally, I consider it a good thing to have several papers published in a big city like Philadelphia. There is nothing to keep one on his toes like good competition. A paper with several competitors will not turn out poorly constructed material. Of course, the Bulletin never does this, but I will be glad to see the day when we again have several evening papers in this city.

Jane and Pat: In your opinion, will there be several more papers in this "City of Brotherly Love"?

Mr. Slocum: Until the price of the necessary machinery comes down considerably there will be no more newspapers. A good printing press costs millions of dollars and it seems no one has that kind of money. There have been certain experiments by chemists, recently, which promise to do away with printing presses altogether and thus reduce the price to one-tenth of the original cost. When that becomes a reality, people will be more interested in sinking their funds into newspapers.

Jane and Pat: What do you consider the essential qualities of a good newspaper?

Mr. Slocum: The first requirement for a good publication is that it possesses complete objectivity. It must report the news in a detached, almost disinterested manner. The reason that so many other papers have failed is that they have taken sides in issues, usually political. The Bulletin is a neutral newspaper and that is one reason it has survived where other papers have failed. Some publishers take a very active part in politics and even get themselves elected to legislatures. While I am not condemning this practice, I am stating that the Bulletin staff does not seek office.

Another important quality of a newspaper is integrity. A publication must deal honestly with the people, and not try to trick them with any dirty dealings. No one is fooled by dishonesty except the one who is dishonest.

We completed arrangements for our senior tour, gathered together our belongings, heartily thanked Mr. Slocum, who had taken so much of his precious time for this interview and who had responded to our questions so warmly and completely, and boarded the "C" bus for home. We chattered over every word he had spoken and discovered that with all of our remarks combined we had a store of knowledge that would interest each one of you. Now that you have read Mr. Slocum's keen replies, we feel sure that you'll understand why—"In Philadelphia Nearly Everybody Reads the Bulletin."

Rah! Rah!

NANCY O'CONNOR, '51

IN MANY OF OUR present day sports, the color that accompanies the activity has come to be almost as important as the game itself. On the football field the school band and cheerleaders add to the support of the players, while on the basketball court the morale boosting rests solely in the hands of the cheerleader. Let me tell you some of the trials and triumphs that become the lot of a cheerleader.

To start with, the cheerleader must be chosen. Since you are interested you begin to review the actions and the cheers in your mind until you finally put them into practice. You can hardly wait for the great day of the selection and when it arrives, you usually find yourself the sole competitor. Yes, you and you alone are there to represent your class. "Oh, well," you say, "I made it, so what am I complaining about?"

Once chosen, the tedious job of urging your classmates to bring in cheers falls on your shoulders. At every opportunity the students can no doubt hear a voice raised above the others, "Girls, did you bring in any cheers?" If they could read the questioner's mind, the thought could be seen, "Oh well, I'll try again."

Third in the line of supporting a team is making actions to the new cheers and "going over" the old "stand-bys." On the day after the first practice the local drug stores do a booming business on rubbing alcohol. Strange, how easy it is to find new muscles.

Finally the day of the first game arrives. You are starched and ironed within an inch of your life and are anxious to get out on the floor and show that you have been practicing. Then suddenly, you stand and face the girls for the first time and the strangest feeling comes over you. You break out in goose bumps, your mind goes blank, your heart thumps like a drum, and your knees knock to such an extent that you feel you will never be able to walk again. But gradually that conglomerate mass of faces before you stops whirling. You recognize your friends. Almost incredibly you hear your own voice announcing:

"Razzle dazzle sizzle zip—." The cheering squad is in action!

THE OLD BROWN MILL

MARY LOUISE RITCHOTTE, '51

IT WAS EARLY SUMMER and we were riding through Lancaster County, Pennsylvania when I saw the old mill.

It was weatherbeaten and worm-rotted to a sort of brownish gray. Its design was in the best Dutch tradition. Its long, brown, bare arms creaked complainingly as the gentle wind moved them. The mill was obviously kept only as a relic of the old days, for the clean, white house with green shutters belied the fact that a thing so old would still be used on that farm. Besides, there was a newer type of windmill up near the house. The scene was quiet and impressive, for it reminded one strongly of Holland, and the sun just rising gave the scene a picturesque touch. Situated on the bank of a clear, swift stream, the mill cast a long, queer-shaped shadow over the rippling water and shaded much of the bank.

Down by the creek, kneeling in the shadow of the mill, were some women taking advantage of the cool, early morning to get their washing done. Dressed in the plain, gray dresses and white bonnets of their sect, those Amish women had probably never heard of a washing machine. They were doing the wash in the same manner as their grandmothers had done before them.

Behind his mother, a boy stood watching the water and listening to her as she assigned him his chores. Probably he was wishing with all his heart that he could be fishing on this fine morning. The lad was barefoot, dressed in the Amish style of knickers and shirt, with his hair cut short.

The farm itself was large and prosperous and the fields beyond the house were abundant with various crops. Fat cows contentedly chewed cuds in the shade of nearby trees.

But the thing that stands out most in my memory is the old brown mill, and nowadays when anyone mentions the Amish or Lancaster County, my mind always reverts to that scene.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

CLAIRE KNAPP, '53

HELENE WALKED SLOWLY up the narrow gravel path toward Saint Rita's High on that fateful day upon which, she felt, her next four years depended. She was to be a Freshman and Helene hoped that she would make a good impression on her classmates when she met them for the first time.

Helene, a very pretty girl with a rosy complexion topped off by golden hair, had but one defect—a slight scar over her right eyebrow. A slight shyness did not prevent her from getting along well with everybody. Helene had many friends back in St. Louis from which she had moved two weeks ago. These, however, did not ease the loneliness she felt in this strange new city.

As she drew nearer to the gray stone building, she could hear the chatting and laughing of the girls who were gathered in groups on the campus.

"Hi, my name's Carrie. What's yours?"

She turned around and saw a girl of her own age with curly black hair and twinkling brown eyes, smiling at her.

"I'm Helene Morris. Are you a freshman, too?" she asked.

"That's right, and we might as well get acquainted now," answered Carrie. "I don't remember you from grammar school."

"No, I just moved here from St. Louis two weeks ago."

"Well, in that case, how about letting me show you the sights this week?" said Carrie.

Carrie introduced Helene to some of her friends and by the end of the week she was popular among all of the girls except one, Julia Gordon. Julia jealously thought that Helene Morris was much too pretty and popular and intended to do something about it.

For two weeks everything was wonderful for Helene. But, one day when she came to school, she was ignored by most of her newly-made friends. Although she hadn't seen Carrie yet that day, she knew that when she did, Carrie, at least, wouldn't ignore her. A few days later she saw her in the corridor. Carrie asked Helene to meet her outside at three o'clock.

To Helene the hands of the clock seemed to take a century to travel around. Finally, the bell rang, and at three o'clock she stood waiting for Carrie at the bottom of the steps.

"I've come to explain, Helene," said Carrie.

"You mean about everyone's ignoring me?" asked Helene.

At that Carrie thrust her hand into her pocket and pulled out a clipping from a newspaper.

"Julia Gordon brought this in and showed it to a few of the girls. I took it from her before she could show it to anyone else but, I supose, news travels. It didn't bother the girls but when their mothers heard it they told them to stay away from you. We didn't believe it was your father, but then you must admit it seems strange, since you moved here from St. Louis with your mother. You can see that all evidence points to him and, well, here, read this," said Carrie.

Helene took the clipping and read: "Henry Morris Found Guilty of the Murder of John Partley."

She didn't wait to read the rest but immediately invited Carrie to dinner. The invitation puzzled Carrie; nevertheless, she accepted it.

When dinner was over, Helene took Carrie up to her room. She opened a drawer, took out a box and looked through the many papers that were in it. Finally, she picked out one and handed it to Carrie. This was also a news clipping but it was ten years old. After reading it, Carrie dropped the clipping and, as she threw her arms about Helene, a tear trickled down her cheek.

"Can you ever forgive us, Helene?"

"Of course, I can," said Helene, and as she said it her eyes fell on the piece of paper and the well-known words glared up at her.

"Henry Morris was fatally burned yesterday while saving his four-year-old daughter, Helene, from a raging fire in their home. Helene escaped with minor burns and a sharp cut over her right eye."

To Buy Or Not To Buy

THERESA SMITH, '54

THERE IS NOTHING quite like a television set! It is one of the few things which gives both trouble and pleasure. Take our set for instance, that is, you could have taken it until a few days ago. It had become the source of nightly entertainment for our family. Then something happened, something which shattered our whole evening routine and which left a lasting impression on me. Because of use, rather than old age, this mixture of mineral and vegetable broke down completely. We had trouble many times before with the contraption—and I say contraption in the true sense of the word—but, this was by far the worst. It was so badly damaged that it was foolish to have it repaired since it would be more economical to buy a new set. Not that it would cost less, but the price for the necessary parts would be almost the price of the set itself.

"It is so much trouble to keep a television set," I told myself, "that it would be a good idea if we didn't buy a new one."

I imagined I was but echoing the thought of the whole family, but finally my father brought up the subject of getting a new set.

Immediately I spoke up, "Remember all the trouble we had with the last one? We don't want that to happen again. Do we?"

Everyone agreed for a time, then some began to weaken, pointing out that it was a good thing to have and very enjoyable entertainment.

I am still holding my ground though, with an opposition so reasonable and determined, that I am fully convinced that I will finally sway the combined opinions of the entire family at the next conference on the subject. Now, as I confidently relax in Dad's favorite easy chair, my thoughts turn to my arguments which I plan to open by saying—But wait, who's calling me?

"Theresa, why are you sitting there dreaming? Don't you hear the doorbell ringing? Is it the man delivering our new television set?"

"Yes, it is, mother." I reply weakly as my hand falls limply on the doorknob.

It is difficult to make . . .

THE CHOICE

JOAN DONNELLY, '53

THE FIRST FAINT rays of warm sun were beginning to mellow the cool, crisp air of an autumn day—the dawn of Navy Day, 1948.

The friendly waters about Pier 48, Brooklyn Dock, seemed to whisper "All's well." The local band, dressed in the city colors, was proudly preparing to welcome the troopship, "U.S.S. Neptune," as she came into port, her sides bulging with human cargo. The waves gently caressed the hull with a fond "welcome" and the ship rapidly eased into place as if to murmur "Home Sweet Home."

Among the first to leave ship was a young naval officer, Richard Carr. He sprang down the gangplank and made his way into the loud but very happy crowd and into the arms of his family. (All the pent-up emotions of those who now saw the answer to four years of constant prayer and waiting were let loose.) The next few weeks brought a big change from navy blue and gold to white tie and tails as Dick was wined and dined, in a manner befitting the conquering hero.

In the days and weeks that followed, Dick received many letters from his shipmates who joyfully wrote of their newly-launched careers. Dick realized that he, too, must make some definite plans for the future.

On December 8th, his twenty-first birthday, Dick announced his choice of a life partner. He had known her all his life, yet those many nights on ship, when he was so homesick and longing to see someone from home, were signs that made him realize how comforting the thought of her could be and how much he needed and depended upon her. His family and friends were delighted with his choice and the date was set for February 2nd.

Every moment was spent in busy preparation of flowers, invitations, and the music arrangement.

Finally, the day of the ceremony arrived. Standing in the vestry, Dick could see the altar beckoning with white flowers. Slowly he approached it and took his place. Raising his eyes he saw her, dressed in white, delicately beautiful. She gazed into his loving eyes and Dick felt unbelievably happy. At that moment any doubt was swept from his mind. He knew that his choice was the best.

The organ and choir united in the strains of "Ave Maria" and Our Blessed Lady from her throne seemed to smile sweetly at her young seminarian kneeling reverently at her feet.

Vicar of Christ

JEANINE PASQUARIELLO, '52

BAGGAGE STORED BELOW, last minute remembrances, the usual tearful goodbyes and off we sailed on an unforgettable trip to Europe. Our luxury liner docked at Naples where our party of six ventured into the fabulous Holy City to visit the many beautiful churches and scenic places. We made the famous pilgrimage twice, witnessed the canonization of a Spanish saint and were present for a public audience. But even though we were stirred by these spectacles, deep in our hearts we anxiously awaited that special invitation to a private audience with our Holy Father. I had endlessly planned what I was going to say and how I would compose myself. But all my practice at poise seemed in vain, since it was only two days before we were to leave Rome and still no invitation had arrived. Then that bright Friday morning there stood the messenger at our door. Our faces lit up like candles. The following day we arose bright and early, eager to start. After breakfast, we dressed for the spiritual occasion. Mother and Mrs. Gibbons wore long, black dresses with a black veil covering their heads while Dad wore the regular black dress suit. Since I was younger, I had to wear a white dress and white veil.

On our way to St. Peter's Basilica, I nervously rehearsed my lines as if I were about to play the most important role in my life. We were well examined and checked by several guards and then we entered one of the buildings of the Vatican. After fearfully mounting the glorious, white marble staircase, we were ushered through a series of beautifully decorated rooms and requested to remain in the last. After waiting several minutes, which seemed like hours, the people began to whisper, "He's coming; the Pope is coming!" Suddenly His Holiness, noted for his quickness, came rushing through the doorway. Pius XII was dressed as usual, in a white robe and skull cap and slippers of red velvet, a glorious sight to behold. He began to talk to the pilgrims and finally came to me. My mind went blank; my tongue refused to move; I couldn't remember anything I had prepared and I was petrified. After I had kissed his ring, he began to speak to me in that gentle, peaceful voice. My tongue remained adamant, so my mother kindly offered a few words for me. I didn't realize what had happened until it was over and too late to do anything, for our Holy Father went as quickly as he had come.

Nevertheless, the meeting of this magnetic servant of God will ever stand out as the most unforgettable experience of my life.

Since You're Away!

The sun doesn't make the world so bright,
Nor the moon does it shed lovely light,
Since you're away.

The days are longer; the nights are blue.
Our hearts are heavy; our jokes are few,
Since you're away.

God hasten you home, for surely He knows,
We miss you much, as our loneliness shows,
Since you're away.

Joan Smith, '51

Read this and learn why . . .

I Believe In Ghosts

MARIE LOUISE RITCHOTTE, '51

A FEW WEEKS AGO during the baseball season, something happened to me which changed my whole concept of the world of spirits. I was returning from a night game via a "53" trolley at about twelve-thirty. I was engrossed in a newspaper column which told about a supposed suicide on my street only a few houses away from my home.

The car was deserted except for the conductor and me when a stranger boarded, walked back, sat down beside me and struck up a conversation. It seemed that he was also particularly interested in this "suicide." He insisted that the victim had really been murdered by a gangster called Louis Matteroni, and said he would like to get revenge. This struck me as a peculiar thing for a stranger to say, queerer still because he put it so personally as if he had been wronged.

Somehow we switched to other topics and as we were getting off the trolley—he got off at the same stop as I did—we found ourselves on the subject of ghosts. If there is any other kind of story that can keep you on edge especially when walking down a dark, uninhabited street, I wouldn't like to hear it. It would be a little too powerful. I asked him if he believed in ghosts and I shall never forget his answer.

"Yes, I do," he said, and then disappeared.

I stod there and then, trembling, I looked around. Imagine your own feelings if you were suddenly brought face to face with the bald fact that you have been walking and talking with a real live ghost. I must have looked as if I wasn't all there as I walked down the street to my house. Behind every tree I fancied there was someone lurking, waiting to pounce on me, to kill me. My brain conjured up all sorts of gruesome things until at last I broke into a run all the rest of the way home. I was never so frightened in my life.

When I got home and told my mother that I had seen a ghost and told her of the details, she looked at me skeptically. Then she asked me if I actually expected her to believe that story. But when I described the ghost to her, she turned white as a sheet and gasped for air. I thought she was going to faint. But she struggled and managed to whisper, "It was he; it was the man who died."

Well it's up to you. You may believe it or not, but in the next day's Bulletin there was a big spread about Louis Matteroni. He had been found dead, frightened to death, in the victim's house.

WHO WAS SHE?

JANE RAFFERTY, '51

SHE WAS A STRANGE little woman, as insignificant as those three-letter words which fill in the corners of crossword puzzles. Her wispy grey hair straggled down her neck. She wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses which, perched halfway down her nose, gave her a perpetually quizzical look.

Every morning we watched her as she boarded the 8:15 bus, extracted her fare from the shabby purse and paid the driver. Perhaps it was her very insignificance that attracted people but anyhow, everyone gave her a cheery "hello" or a smile, once they got to know her. Despite the fact that we greeted her every morning for two years, she never told her name and skillfully avoided all questions concerning her identity. At the end of the line she left with a warm "God bless you."

Yes, for twenty-four months our "Mystery Lady" followed this routine until one morning, she didn't appear. Like all curious people, we discussed the strange incident loud and long. Then, happening to glance at the morning paper, I saw at the very bottom of the last page an obscure news item, "Unidentified Woman Stricken Fatally on Market Street." Yes, I thought this must be our "Mystery Lady," for reading on I found that the description fit her perfectly. "No clue to her indentity" the story read. Who was she? To this day we have never found out and every once in a while, the conversation on the 8:15 bus somehow turns to "her" and we like to speculate as to who she could have been.

Excerpts from . . .

MEMOIRS OF A HOCKEY PLAYER

BETTY PEILEKE, '54

AT THE BEGINNING of the term, Sister announced that those who wished to play hockey must come to her and sign up. I, ardent freshman that I was, knowing nothing minus about hockey, decided I would like to join. So, I did. It was as simple as that! Sister informed us that the hockey clinic was to be held that very week. That, I thought brightly, was a physical examination for the hockey players. When we left (I had learned what a hockey clinic was), Sister lent me one of the school's sticks. Bewildered, I asked one of the older girls why I would need it. After all, didn't we all use the same stick? The girl looked at me as if I were a combination idiot and freshman, so I decided to keep my "intelligence" to myself thereafter. One term, however, that completely confused me was the junior varsity. Seniority is so important in high school that it seemed strange to have a junior varsity and not to have one for the seniors too. Finally, everything had been explained to me (not that I understood, however). When we got to the hockey clinic and I had watched the first game I had ever seen, I decided then and there that I liked it. And though I have found that you have to have either the skin of an elephant or the luck of the Irish to come out with what you took in (two arms, ten fingers, two legs, one head, etc.), I still like it.

As much as we have diligently practiced (?), we still have the marvelous record of winning exactly no games. The secret of our success is our wonderful teamwork. For instance, at one game our junior varsity's left inner drove the ball all the way down the field. It was an excellent play, except that she was going in the wrong direction.

Another example is our list of injuries, which goes something like this:

one goalie . . . . . a muscle-crushed hand
one left wing . . . . . a very sore toe
one right inner . . . . . a skinned finger
one center forward . . . . . a sprained ankle
one right wing . . . . . banged-up shins

(This applies, though less seriously, to most of the players.)

one left halfback . . . . . a compound fracture of the finger
one goalie . . . . . a bruised ankle
one left inner . . . . . a black eye

So you see, this is no game for weak people or those who cannot stand the sight of blood. But seriously, it's a grand sport. And so ends the tale of a freshman who will never forget her first hockey season.

Our Newest Addition

The St. Mary's emblem over the door,
The front stairs that lead to the second floor,
We cherish these things in a special way
Because they belong to our S.M.A.

The North Porch on which there are many chairs,
That Freshmen must learn to carry in pairs.
Their faithful duty from September to May—
'Tis an honored tradition at S.M.A.

The driveway that leads right up to the school,
The grandfather clock in the big front hall,
These treasures one sees here every day
Are a part of our own dear S.M.A.

The bright, cheery classrooms that chase all gloom,
The rooms we so eagerly leave when it's noon,
The girls that are with us at work and at play,
Our wonderful classmates at S.M.A.

Just like the freshmen this year, so brand new,
Our building at first will be strange to us, too,
But we welcome its presence and gayly say,
"Hello!" to the youngest at S.M.A.

Claire Knapp, '53

But of a Single Combat

MARIE LOUISE RITCHOTTE, '51

IN ALL WARS, heroes have arisen to write their names down in history. In this last World War there were almost three hundred winners of the Medal of Honor and many of these awards were given posthumously. But in the fight for souls which the Church is constantly waging, I think that Father Damien de Veuster stands out before all others for his fight against leprosy and for the lepers.

Father Damien was a Belgian priest in the order, "Society of the Sacred Heart." His very first mission was Puna in the Sandwich Islands. Often during his nine years there he had seen some of his people depart for the leper colony after they had contracted the dreaded disease. As he watched them wailing and saying good-bye to their families, he determined that someday he would go to the lonely outpost where these poor creatures were segregated from society.

Now he was with the Bishop in a small outrigger canoe which was taking them to the dock at Molokai. The Bishop was visibly disturbed. In his heart he wondered if he had done right in permitting Damien to stay with the lepers.

At the dock, after a few fond goodbyes, the Bishop told Damien that he could stay for a week and if he didn't like it he could come back home to Puna. Then he left.

As Damien watched the canoe depart, a sudden wave of loneliness and despair swept over him. He turned away and faced his flock who were waiting there for him. Many of them wore the grass skirts of the natives; a few wore filthy and torn cotton garments. The bodies of the older men were rotting away; some who had the use of only one leg walked awkwardly on the stumps; others were without arms, others without fingers. The horrible purple-colored ulcers gave off sickening odors. There was curious loneliness in their eyes as they stood gazing at the newcomer.

A young leper who was a little stronger than the others led the way back to the settlement of Kalawao. When they reached the village, Father Damien surveyed the surrounding country wondering how anyone could live in such a wild savage place. He went swiftly from one hut to another. The crude grass shelters were steaming with dampness and were charged with putrid air from the foul bodies of the lepers. On a rush mat in each hut, lay one or more lepers who were unable to move. In many of the shelters, men and women were dancing wildly after having drunk an alcoholic beverage from the "ki."

As the priest looked at the unfortunate creatures he realized that the Bishop had not exaggerated in his description of the place. Many of the men and women had forgotten the moral law. The spiritual corruption oppressed him far more than the physical. He found the same condition in the other village of Kalaupapa, but there he found a church which probably had been built by some travelling missioner who stopped there. This he fixed up and he said Mass in it daily for the benefit of the lepers.

His next big problem was the water supply. The spring which the lepers used was too far away for the more seriously ill. So he begged some piping from the Hawaiian government and with the aid of the stronger lepers whom he had to cajole into working, he built an aqueduct for the colonies. During all this time he had no place to sleep except under a convenient palm tree.

He learned how to care for the sick by watching the visiting doctor who stopped at Molokai regularly. He washed the wounds, bandaged them, and sometimes operated on the lepers when necessary. He built a hospital capable of housing one hundred of the sickest lepers.

Father Damien really worked wonders on the island and made known to the whole world the situation of the lepers. He himself died of leprosy on April 15, 1889, but his work lives on.

Winter

JOAN GREIPP, '51

"The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray."
—John Greenleaf Whittier

DECEMBER IS THE CUE for Lady Winter to don her cloak of shimmering silver and travel across the unsuspecting earth. Wherever she walks, life, with all its warmth, takes a leave of absence, for the touch of Lady Winter is like the touch of Death. Lakes that once rippled in the gentle spring breezes stiffen at her touch and remain silent examples of her chilling powers. But, Lady Winter, though cold and heartless, is not entirely without beauty. There is something truly majestic in the still quiet of her reign. It is in the country that her majesty rules supreme. The roadsides, once covered with the fallen leaves of Autumn, are now buried under the soft blanket of snow that Lady Winter provides for her subjects. The rolling hills' green carpets are hidden beneath Winter's mantle; here and there a tree deprived of its foliage stands tall and alone with its leafless arms outstretched toward the heavens, beseeching the Snow Queen to surrender her throne to gentle Spring. The sun, startled by the white brilliance of the world below it, withdraws into the recesses of the hazy sky. All nature bows in mute subservience to her winter sovereign.

Winter, Winter! The interlude of quiet peace among all the seasons. The death scene of the four act drama of the year.

Autumn

JANE RAFFERTY, '51

"No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace,
As I have seen in one autumnal face."
—John Donne

AUTUMN TO THE FARMER means the harvest. It is a very joyful occasion when he beholds the fruit of all his earlier labors fall under the sharp edge of the reaper, for he knows that it will assure him a new and better year to come.

To the city dweller it brings a chance for renewed labor, a time to make up for all the opportunities he has missed during the past seasons: Rejuvenated after the warm summer, he takes up his appointed tasks with a determination to do better. Perhaps he will fail again, or maybe he will succeed. The important thing is that he will try.

"Books and teacher's dirty looks" is how the school child interprets this season. A child's thirst for knowledge is easily satiated; nevertheless, on he must plod until the very end, and paradoxically enough, he is sorry when the "spring"—or the end of his school days approaches. Autumn is not without its recompenses. Witches and goblins combine to terrify eager chidren every Hallowe'en. Each November the family unfailingly marvels at how Junior can possibly consume so much turkey.

Autumn, besides being a division of the seasons, is likened in the above poem to a dividing time in our lives. The autumnal period of our existence marks our entrance into old age. During this season of our earthly stay we, like the farmer, should sit back and reflect over the good (or evil) that we have sown during the past seasons—the spring, our youth; and the summer, our maturity. We should also be looking to the future—the winter, which is the last stop on our long journey home.

Autumn is the time of dying in nature. The bright leaves are dropping lifeless to the ground, abandoning the trees which will soon be the barren sentinels of the stormy winter. We mortals should not regard the autumnal period of our lives thus, but rather as a period of awakening. It is then that we realize how empty the pleasures seem from which we derived so much enjoyment

in our youth. True values are now apparent. At this stage, life has given us most of the answers and knowing the answer brings with it a sense of satisfaction, even though, at times, of regret.

Like the city dweller we should seek to rectify all our past mistakes. It is never too late to make amends.

For those who are growing old, formal schooling has long since ceased, but no matter what our age, we can still learn. "Experience is the best teacher" and, by the time we have reached the autumnal period of our lives, we certainly do not lack experience.

Old age is not a time to be dreaded, but rather to be anticipated with a certain feeling of gladness. It is considered so enviable a state that God has promised it as a reward for those who are nearing the end of a well spent life. The wish that we may live to see our children's children is incorporated into the marriage service. What further proof do we need to appreciate fully what should be the most fruitful time of our lives.

Summer

PAT HARTSOUGH, '51

"Ah, what is so rare as a day in June."
—James Russell Lowell

AH, WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE!" Especially since I registered my first squeal on June twenty-first, the beginning of summer. Those were hectic or shall I say heated days. They placed me in a two by four crib which never gave me enough room to squirm around to avoid the heat. I often wonder if this is the reason why I'm only five foot two. As I became acquainted with the other babies, we worked out a system that each would take a turn crying so that the nurse would come breezing through and provide a bit of air. Finally, they bundled me up and we journeyed home. Everyone wanted to hug and squeeze me so that by the time they were through I could have been wrung out. Even yet I can feel those uncomfortable undershirts, diapers, and blankets clinging to me as if they were afraid to let go. Sometimes I used to recline in my coach with the merciless sun beating down on my bald head and ponder over why I had to select such a season for my birthday. I came to the conclusion that I probably wouldn't have many crosses to bear in later life because I was having them all now.

Perhaps the worst cross of all was the time when the family decided to travel to the seashore. The car was loaded down with bag and baggage. Frequently I feared they were going to pack me up in a suitcase by mistake. All the way down I clung to Mother for dear life. This driving business was mighty peculiar. Nevertheless, I thought I'd better mind my "P's and Q's," so I settled back and drank a nice warm glass of milk. By the way, have you ever had warm milk on a hot summer's day? Most invigorating! To skip a few minor incidents, we arrived. Everyone wanted to take me to the beach. I thought they'd pull off my arms and legs. It was agreed (and I still say a prayer of thanks) that mother should carry me. As you know, a young child such as I, is not allowed in the water. Nevertheless, Mother being a pious woman, the day being the feast of the Assumption, and the custom being to bathe in the water three times, Mother decided she should begin my Catholic training early. The first time she poured a little on my face, the second time my feet became a little chilled, but the third time proved disastrous. A little boy wanted to see Baby, so Mother proudly displayed me. The child must have remembered that opportunity knocks but once for he proceeded to tip his bucket in my direction. Someday I'll find that imp! The most fun was arollin' up the boardwalk. The only time I became worried was when my brother sent the coach flying and then chased after it. Some people were so thoughtful that when they saw me coming they would step aside. Some would even stop my coach before it traveled over the railing.

When the still sky glowed with radiant stars, when a soft wind blew my curl, when the fishermen cast their lines into a moonlit sea and all the children rode the hobby horses, then it was, that I enjoyed the Summer most fully. Yes, what is so rare as a day in June?

Spring

MARGIE ROHACH, '51

"I love the roadside birds upon the tops
Of dusty hedges in a world of Spring."
—Francis Ledwidge

SPRING! Are there words enough in this or any other language or even in a combination of all the tongues of the world to describe adequately the wonders of this glorious season? I doubt it, for Spring doesn't mean exactly the same thing to any two people.

To your next door neighbor it might mean putting up the screens or painting the new fences or planting seeds. Mother probably connects housecleaning with Spring when she will go over your abode thoroughly from top to bottom. Hundreds of birds chirping on the telephone poles aren't exactly welcome to sister on a Spring morn, after she has stayed out too late the night before.

But no matter how much grumbling and scowling it might bring to some unappreciative souls, to all it gives of its beauty and peace. Mother Nature, paint brush in hand, splashes a rhapsody of hues throughout the world and with each stroke hearts become lighter and the sorrows and misfortunes of Winter are forgotten. It's the one time during the year when Mother Nature becomes a little vain, like a woman modeling a new dress who adds a flower here and there to enhance her natural beauty. When else during the year do you see life about you in everything? When else could you come upon a newly hatched bird, fallen from its nest and the sweet protection of its mother's wings? You see its wonderment at the strange world and its feeble attempts to call for its mother. Spring, in fact, is like a new born babe itself, full of life and love. It stretches its arms out to the hearts of all those who would embrace it. It brings renewed courage and hope to hearts disillusioned with the cares of the world. The old become young again as life takes on a new meaning. All ages are encouraged to strive toward higher goals which stop at nothing less than conquering the world. Spring, then, is ushered in as the season of life and new hopes after the drabness and desolation of icy winter and as an introduction to the growth of these living things and the fulfillment of these hopes in the summer months that are to follow.

"Sweet Sixteen"

A sparkling eye and charming smile
Vivacious, yet serene,
Bubbling laughter, childish glee
Prove she's sweet sixteen.

Old man Gloom and rainy days,
Troubles and trials are seen
With hopeful eyes and cheerful smile
When one is sweet sixteen.

Cherry cokes, banana splits,
Sweet music, recordings keen,
A corner booth and a football star
Are heaven at sweet sixteen.

Joan Donnelly, '53

Mother Mary

Mary, with her guiding hand
Taught the King of all the land;
Taught obedience and truth,
Taught perfection to this Youth.

Mary laid her motherly heart
Open, to be torn apart
By the seven swords of grief
Which lasted long without relief.

So much help is needed now.
Teach all mothers, show them how
To guide their children for the best,
So with you someday they'll rest.

Pat McKenna, '52

A Senior's Farewell

St. Mary's Academy
5401 Old York Road
June, 1951

Dear Classmates:

The end of another term at St. Mary's Academy has arrived. To us, the Class of June, 1951, this ending differs from preceding terms in that we are cutting the last tie with our carefree childhood days.

Let us recall some of the events that took place during these youthful days. It seems like only yesterday when we first approached the portals of St. Mary's Academy. It did not take us long, as freshmen, to blend in with the gay and homey atmosphere that has long been tradition at St. Mary's.

Do you remember Freshman Day when giggles and grins tried to hide the embarrassment of a green Freshie, and how those many seeming injustices, such as carrying chairs and occupying those back-breaking benches, were soon accepted with good sportsmanship? Though hard to believe, we actually finished those "infant days" and were now definitely on the verge of growing up.

It did not take us long to inherit the title "wise fools." "The Queen's Court," the performance we sophomores gave to our older sisters, the Juniors, was for a time, the main topic of all Maryites. Sophomore year also brought eligibility to take part in many extra-curricular activities such as the operetta of that year, "Countess Maritza". This, plus many other incidents, helped to make it an unforgettable year.

Slowly but surely, we, as juniors, were entering an eventful year. A traditionally celebrated Junior Day greeted us into this new year and soon came the long awaited "Night of Nights", our Junior Prom. How wonderfully grown-up and starry-eyed we were that night! Yes, it was all a part of life at St. Mary's and suddenly before we had time to realize—the one-time baby froshes, now, with tearful eyes, were standing before Mother and the entire student body, accepting our Class Rings.

Yes, it was hard to believe all this was happening to us, but finally, with happy memories and an overflowing heart, we closed the door on our Junior Days and all they symbolized to return again next year as —"Seniors".

Now as we Seniors draw near to our departure, we hope that we have left and set a good example for all future graduates. The happy times and joyous moments we have had here at St. Mary's will always remain in the heart of each and everyone of us. We have come a long way together, but

from here each of us will travel a separate path.

Wouldn't it be interesting if we could push aside the screen of the future and see each other as we will be twenty-five years hence? A few will probably be successful; the majority will be living comfortably and some few may be considered by the world as failures. We must chart our courses ahead and know where we are going in order to succeed. Wishing is not enough; the will to struggle on, despite adversity, is necessary, too.

While you may not reach the pinnacle, you may carve a little place in the sun for yourself. True, we may not all have equal talents or abilities, but in doing our utmost to perfect ourselves in our particular vocations, each of us will be well satisfied and well rewarded. If we try, perhaps one day it may be said of us, in the words of Ben Jonson, concerning the immortal Shakespeare; "He is not of an age, but for all time".

May God in His Divine Providence always keep our Class of '51, close to His Sacred Heart and guide us in living a good and holy life devoted to "Jesus through Mary".

Farewell, Seniors!

Your friend and classmate,
Hilda Murlasits, '51

"SOLPHORATA"

JEANINE PASQUARIELLO, '52

IT WAS ON ONE OF "Sunny" Italy's hottest days that we enthusiastically decided to chart our course for a trip to that now extinct crater, "Solphorata," located outside Naples. Upon our arrival we immediately sought and hired a well-equipped guide. Naturally, while everyone else was enraptured by the scenic views, I became interested in tapping out a tune on the crater soil which sounded like a large hollow drum. Suddenly, I was rudely thrown to the ground and sat trembling as all hovered over me laughing gleefully. It seems our guide, to my utter amazement and fright, dropped his stick on the ground making the crater grumble and growl fiercely. He explained to our bewildered group that the earth under us was only six feet deep and that below this there was a boiling lava connection between this crater and Mt. Vesuvius. It is heard whenever Vesuvius is dormant and this crater is slightly active, and vice versa. He told us that at any time it might erupt and become a crater again.

By now we had journeyed to the middle of this huge formation and the reflection of the sun on the sulphuric soil made it intensely hot. We watched with wide, startled eyes a crevice whose base bubbled over with boiling, charging, and popping lava. This being the last sight, to my secret satisfaction, we started the trip to the mouth of the crevice.

Then it happened! A loud blast! "Oh," I thought to myself, "this is it; the crater is erupting!" With this my larynx began making strange noises and I started praying swiftly. But our calm, cool and collected guide assured us that it was merely a few workers dynamiting the rocks close by for sulphur. Nevertheless, I was only too glad when we departed from "Solphorata" and I made a firm resolution that there would be no more craters for me!

Patrons

Reverend John J. Busco
Reverend Charles M. Diegel
Reverend Thomas E. Golden
Reverend William J. Gormley, C.M.
Reverend Thomas P. Hopkins
Reverend Charles B. McGinley
Reverend Sebastian McKenna, M.B.A.
Reverend Francis Rausseo
Brother Nicholas Wagner
Mother Mary Emma, S.S.J.
Mother M. Marguerite, S.S.J.
Mother St. Augustine, S.S.J.
Abromaitis, Mr. C.
Abromaitis, Mrs. C.
Abromaitis, Miss Dorothy P.
Abromaitis, Miss Kay
Abromaitis, Miss Nancy
Abromaitis, Mr. Frank
Aceto, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred
Aceto, Marie
Aceto, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
Aceto, Ernie
Aceto, Mrs. Mary
Aceto, Mr. Oreste
Adams, Mr. Joseph E.
Adams, Mrs. Joseph E.
Ahern, Frances
Ahern, Mr. and Mrs. James
Ahern, Teresa Mary
Ahern, Regina C.
Alexan Bros., Cleaners and Dyers
Alfano, Peter
Alsentzer, Dr. and Mrs. Harry
Amico, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony
Amann, Mr. and Mrs. F.
Ann's Beauty Shop
Annette and Terry
Appalucci, Mrs. Anthony
Armstrong, Mrs. Catherine
Armstrong, Miss Irene
Armstrong, Miss Mary
Attarian, Lora and Charlotte
Attarian, Mr. and Mrs. John
Arthur, Hamlet
Babs, Jane, Joan, Margie
Bache, Mrs. Stanley
Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Leo J.
Bailie, Mr. William R.
Bailie, Mrs. William R.
Baker, Dr. and Mrs. H. J.
Baker, Dr. and Mrs. Victor L., Jr.
Balloch, Mrs. John
Barnes, Mrs. Ethel
Barth, Jacqueline
Barunas, Mr. R.
Barunas, Mrs. R.
Beck, Betsy
Beck, Gerry
Beck, Mr. and Mrs. George J.
Beck, Joe
Beck, Judy
Beck, Mary
Beck, Mike
Beggin, Mr. Gerald
Beggin, Mr. and Mrs. J.
Beggin, Mr. and Mrs. J., Jr.
Beggin, Phyllis
Behr, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley
Behrendt, Al
Bekir, Dr. and Mrs. Nedjib
Bennis, Miss Joan D.
Bennis, Mr. and Mrs. John M.
Bennis, Miss May F.
Bentz, Mrs. John
Benzenhafer, Mr. Vinie
Betsy and Diane
Biller, Mr. Russell F.
Bishop, Edith M.
Bishop, Floyd M.
Bob and Charlie
Bobbie
Bohrer, Mrs. Frederick J.
Bohrer, Miss Gloria
Bohrer, Mr. Robert
Border Milinery, 4822 Broad St.
Borgenske, Mrs. M.
Bowes, Mr. Edward M.
Boyd, Joan
Bradley George
Bradley, Mr. Leo
Bradshaw, Edward
Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene
Branco Family
Branco, Mrs. H.
Branco, Eleanor Rose
Branco, Helen H.
Branco, Kathleen
Brann, Catherine
Brann, Helen
Brann, Mr. John F.
Brann, Mary Lou
Brann, Dr. Paul J.
Brann, Mrs. Paul J.
Bratman, Harry
Breithaugst, Mrs. A. S.
Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. John
Brennen, Mr. and Mrs. Michael
Briar Food Market
Brindly, Mr. and Mrs. William
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Carl
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George
Brown, Mr. and Mrs. William
Burgoyne, Howard
Burke, Miss Eleanor
Burke, Joseph
Burke, Leo, Jr.
Burke, Mr. Leo, J.
Burke, Mrs. Leo J.
Burke, Miss Rose Marie
Burke, Miss Terry
Burns, Mrs. Frieda
Burns, Mr. and Mrs. James C.
Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.
Burroughs, Frances M.
Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Edward
Butler, Mrs. Martin J.
Byer's Candy Shop
Byrne, Mr. Edward J.
Byrne, Mrs. Edward J.
Byrne, Miss Patricia
Cahill, Mr. and Mrs. Edward
Cahill, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W.
Capozzi, Mr. Ludwig S., Jr.
Caputo, Mrs. M.
Caputo, Miss Rose
Carr, Mrs. Catherine
Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
Cella, Mr. and Mrs. Herman
Cautious Chemists
Cichetti, Mr. and Mrs.
Ciliberti, Mr. W.
Ciliberti, Mrs. W.
Cirelli, Dr. and Mrs. M.
Clancy, Mr. and Mrs. N.
Clarihew, Mrs. Frank
Clauss, Miss Kathy
Clearkin, Brendan P.
Clearkin, Mrs. James
Cobbin, Mr. I. J.
Collins, Lane
Comburn's Candy Store
Compliments of a Friend
Compliments of a Friend
Conlin, John C.
Conville, Dr. and Mrs. T. J
Conway, Mr. Joseph
Conway, Marie
Conway, Mr. and Mrs. A. J.
Coogan, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F.
Cooke, Mrs. Anna E.
Cooke, Carol
Cooke, Doris
Cooke, Joseph S.
Corkery, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore
Costello, Agnes Mary
Costello, Mrs. Agnes
Coyle, Mary Louise
Crane, Joe
Crothers, Mr. and Mrs. Harry
Crumbie, Mrs. F. L.
Cullaton, Mary Jean
Cullaton, Mrs. Thomas F.
D'Agostino, Diane and Patty Ann
D'Agostino, Mr. and Mrs. Frank
Daley, Mr. Frank
Daley, Mrs. Frank
Daley, Teresa
Dan Oxman, Photo Supplies
Daniel, Mr. Frank V.
Daniel, Mrs. Frank V.
Daniels, Mr. C. A.
Daniels, Mrs. C. A.
Daniels, Dolores
Davis, Miss Joan
De Camara, Mr. and Mrs. P.
De Gregorio, Mr. and Mrs. C.
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2504 W. Lehigh Avenue
Funeral Director
James J. McCann & Co., Jeweler
5549 North 5th Street
WA 4-0100
Jean's Beauty Shop
3030 Frankford Avenue
GA 6-0316
Joseph S. Cooke
Steel Construction—Welding
4130 Levick Street
Joseph S. Cooke
Steel Construction
MA 4-2204
Julia Keyport Longsdorf
Piano Studios
1924 Chestnut Street
Kollar's Meat Market
Free Delivery, 7802 Limekiln Pike
L. S. Capozzi and Sons
Realtors—Insurance
1801 South 10th Street
6900 N. Broad Street
DE 4-5761 HA 4-4912
Louis A. DiGiacomo
Undertaker
3037 N. 22nd Street
Louis Parisse
Better Meats
3008 North 21st Street
Philadelphia SA 2-7030
Marino Masse
General Contractor
4714 N. American Street
MARK L. ROTHMAN
Apothecary
Pure Drugs—Sick Room Needs
S. W. Cor. York and Ruscomb St.
MI 4-2211
Martin Krause's Tailor Shop
Corner of 2nd and Spencer Streets
Milk Maid Candy Company
Manufacturers of
High Grade Caramels
Seasonal Items
N. W. Cor. Philip and Jefferson Sts.
Moyer's Delicatessen
72nd and Andrews Avenue
Mrs. Hilda S. Hart
2713 W. Lehigh Avenue
Women's Apparel Shoppe
McDevitt's Restaurant
5950 North 2nd Street
Philadelphia 20, Penna.
National Bank of Olney
5th St. and Olney Avenue
Olney's Community Owned Bank
Otto Freitag's Groceries
5919 North 3rd Street
Papa's Pharmacy
"The Store That Confidence
is Building"
12th and Ritner Sts., Phila., Pa.
P T C
Modern, Courteous Service
1405 Locust Street
Philadelphia 2, Penna.
PE 5-6100
Peirce School
of Business Administration
Pine Street West of Broad
Philadelphia 2, Penna.
RAYMOND I. TORPEY
Florist
We are as near as your phone
1835 E. Somerset Street
RE 9-3521 RE 9-3522
Rose Comroe, 5015 N. Broad Street
Lamp Shades, Custom Made
Sanlag Poultry Company
34 Delaware Avenue
Philadelphia, Penna.
Service Industries
2103-05-07 E. Somerset Street
Spina's Pure Food Store
5801 N. American Street
Success to St. Mary's Seniors of '51
Compliments of
Three Musketeers
Real Estate Men
Frank Ursomarso
Vita A. Rado
Anthony Grieco
W. J. McElwee, Meats
2014-16 E. Haines Street
WAWA DAIRY FARMS
The Milk That's Bottled
In The Country
Wawa, Pa.
Wimmer's Bakery
6101 N. Lawrence Street
Yerettes Dress Shop
Hosiery and Lingerie
6239 Frankford Avenue
WALTER A. DWYER, INC.
8710 Prospect Avenue
Philadelphia 18, Pa.
Coal—Building Materials—Fuel Oil
Oil Burner Sales and Service
William C. Martin
Makers of
School and College Jewelry
908 Chestnut Street
Phila. 7, Penna.

Autographs

To the sweetest and the best artist in our room
Love
Marilyn Steward
(smiles)

Hockey Player??
Sherry
Love, luck and lots of ladies.
Love
Nancy

Best of Luck to a swell classmate and a swell artist.
Maryland

What is it? It's Superman, it's a bird, nat, it's just Betty.
Myra

To a Real
S. M. G. Girl!
Jane

Good Luck in future years at
S. M. A.
Kay Abromaitis "54"

Maggie
Mechlowicz "54"

"Best of luck to
a swell skipper."

Love
Cynthia

"Love, Luck, and Success
to J. G.'s favorite girl"

Kay Kroxbar